

TUMANJI



by

Greg Taylor & Jim Strain

based on a book by

Chris Van Allsburg

ABOVE THE LINE AGENCY

RIMA BAUER GREER

9200 SUNSET BOULEVARD #401
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90069
PHONE 310/859-6115
FAX 310/859-6119

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"JUMANJI"

FADE IN:

McCLELLAN, RHODE ISLAND - "THEN..."

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - DAY

From a pastoral countryside of multi-colored fall foliage, we sweep down into a small town of 30,000 that is bisected by a large river.

Steeped in history, McClellan is a pleasant blend of tree-lined neighborhoods, wood-framed houses, and New England architecture.

An iron bridge leads from the downtown area to a large textile mill -- the town's main industry -- on the opposite side of the river.

Past brick schools, moon-white churches and two-story frame houses we dip into a small park on the outskirts of town.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Racing across a dirt baseball field we find LUKE, an 8-year-old freckled red-head, running for his life as he's chased by THREE BULLIES his age.

Luke climbs the chain-link fence in the outfield. Bully #1 grabs his leg and pulls him to the ground, where he's pinned by the the two others.

LUKE

Don't hit me!

BULLY #1

Then cough up the Indian head,
Stinky!

LUKE

I haven't got it!

BULLY #2

I saw you flashing it in front of
Marcy Brandenburg at lunch.

Bullies #2 and #3 start pulling Luke's pockets inside out, when...

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let him go!

(CONTINUED)

Three bullies' heads swivel to see...

BRAD YORK, an intimidating 10-year-old, as unruly as his cowlick. He stands astride his bicycle. A baseball glove dangles from the handlebars and a Louisville Slugger rests ominously on his shoulder.

His trusty mutt CECIL is at his side.

The bullies size up the situation -- it's clear they don't want trouble.

BULLY #1
We're just having a little fun, York.
(helping Luke up)
Weren't we, Stinky?

Luke elbows Bully #2 out of the way with sudden bravado.

LUKE
Hands off me, you spaz...

Bully #1 snatches Luke's hat and tosses it into the bushes beyond the fence. As he and his pals rush off...

LUKE
Hey!
(to Brad)
You gonna let them get away with that?

BRAD
When are you gonna learn to stand up for yourself?
(exasperated)
Go get your hat.

CUT TO:

SHRUBS

on hands and knees, Luke gropes through the cool shaded underbrush. He reaches for his hat when something catches his eye.

LUKE'S POV

Cecil paws at a weathered SANDALWOOD BOX lodged under the foliage. It's partially covered with dirt and dappled by shadows. Cecil WHINES.

CUT TO:

EXT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

A well kept Victorian two-story house with a tiered mansard roof of gables, platforms and wrought iron trim.

Brad runs his bike onto the wraparound porch as a soft autumn rain begins to fall. He bounds inside with his bat, glove and the SANDALWOOD BOX. Luke chases him.

LUKE

Hey, I found it!

INT. YORK HOUSE - DAY

In the dimly lit den Brad puts the box on a table.

CLOSEUP - SANDALWOOD BOX

A leather handle is half rotted away. Copper clasp and corner fittings are tarnished green.

Brad turns the box over. Woodburned across the lid is the word...

BRAD (O.S.)

Jumanji?

A grandfather clock CHIMES SOFTLY in the next room as the white lace curtains stir at the partially open window. Raindrops spatter on the pane.

LUKE

What's that mean?

Ignoring him, Brad cautiously opens the squeaky-hinged box and winces at a strange odor.

BRAD

Smells like a zoo cage.

He discovers a note in childlike handwriting taped to the bottom of the lid. Looking over Brad's shoulder, Luke reads the note aloud...

LUKE

Free jungle adventure game. Fun
for some but not for all. P.S.
Read instructions carefully.

Off their shared puzzled look...

CUT TO:

GAME BOARD

A path of colored squares with rhymes written on them snakes across the wood grain of the board.

A stack of BLACK VODOO CARDS decorated with a WHITE SKULL sits in the middle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brad and Luke sit at the edge of the game board on the floor. Luke reads the instructions, which are ornately lettered under the box lid.

LUKE

Something's weird about this game.

BRAD

You gonna read or play?

Brad opens a velvet-lined case containing FOUR GROTESQUE, METALLIC AFRICAN MASKS the size of thimbles. .

He plucks a token out of the case and holds it up to the light.

BRAD

Cooooool!

LUKE

I'm not playing.

BRAD

You want your Indian head penny back or not?

A look of alarm crosses Luke's face. He checks his pocket and pulls out his penny with a sigh of relief. Brad snatches it from his hand.

BRAD

Sucker! You can have it after the game.

Before Luke can respond Brad slaps the dice in his hand.

BRAD

Roll!

With a look of frustration, Luke picks a token and puts it on the start square next to Brad's.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE
You're gonna be sorry you're
making me play this.

Luke tosses the dice -- snake eyes! He moves his token to the second colored square and reads its rhyme.

LUKE
"Bats attack, but do not flee;
Courage thwarts adversity"

As Luke picks up his token, Cecil goes to the closed door leading to the hallway and scratches and WHINES.

Beyond the door we hear the swelling stacatto of BEATING WINGS. Brad and Luke share an uncertain look.

Brad strides to the door and grabs the handle.

LUKE
Don't!

Brad throws the door open. A FLOOD OF BATS pours in, filling the room with OTHERWORLDLY SCREECHES.

Brad and Luke shield their heads as hundreds of bats dive-bomb throughout the room.

In a blind frenzy, bats THUD off walls; shatter windows; knock over lamps.

Cecil BARKS and leaps, snapping at the elusive creatures. More bats pour out of a fireplace flue.

Brad swings wildly with his Louisville Slugger. THWAP! Bat meets bat.

Luke swipes madly at a bat tangled in his hair as he races for the door, YELLING at the top of his lungs.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door flies open and Luke bolts down the porch steps and into the rain.

The bats gush out of the front door and scatter in all directions. Several circle the roof and roost under the eaves.

Brad runs onto the porch, followed by the last few bats.

BRAD
Luuuuuuuuuke!

(CONTINUED)

Brad finally spots him in the distance, slipping in mud and crashing through a hedge in a frenzied escape.

BRAD

You gutless wonder.

He turns and looks at the open front door. Cecil steps out with a dead bat in his mouth and drops it at Brad's feet. Brad kneels down and inspects the bat.

THE BAT

Unlike any bat you've ever seen, this one has a face that resembles the grotesque token masks used in the Jumanji game!

Off Cecil's BARK...

INT. DEN

Brad compares his token with the face of another dead bat. Unable to see clearly, he reaches to turn on a table lamp.

One last bat blasts out from under the lampshade. Ruffled, Brad stares at the space Luke landed on.

The phone RINGS. Brad grabs the dice and RATTLES them around in his fist with heroic recklessness.

BRAD

(to phone)

Nobody's home.

(to Cecil)

Gentlemen, start your engines!

He glances at the phone, STILL RINGING, then rolls the dice -- a six!

He moves his token six spaces to a black square with a white skull that matches the back of the voodoo cards.

He hesitates a beat. The phone stops ringing, leaving only the sound of the soft rain outside.

Brad boldly draws a card from the deck.

CLOSE-UP CARD

It says: Into the jungle you disappear,
Off to face your greatest fear.

WHOOSH!

(CONTINUED)

The window curtains are suddenly sucked toward the center of the room.

Papers are swept off a desktop and swirl toward the ceiling.

Brad's token RATTLES atop the game board.

Backing out the door, Cecil BARKS as the WHOOSH intensifies to a FRIGHTENING ROAR, until...

A sudden deathly silence.

CLOSEUP -- BRAD'S VOODOO CARD

As it flutters like a feather to the game board where Brad's token used to be, we PULL BACK to...

DEN - WIDE ANGLE

Eerily placid as Cecil cautiously approaches the game board. No sign of Brad or his token. Cecil sniffs and paws the game board.

EXT. HOUSE

As the rain continues to fall, we hear Cecil's MOURNFUL HOWL from inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME ANGLE -- SAME HOUSE

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

"...AND NOW"

Awash in sunlight, the house looks like it could use some new siding, a fresh paint job and its lawn mowed.

A CATERING TRUCK is parked in the driveway. As we move in on a second story window we hear...

MOM (O.S.)

B.J., you're gonna be late for school. Hurry up, honey.

INT. B.J.'S ROOM

Sitting in front of a vanity mirror sits B.J. HARGROVE. A fresh-faced 13-year-old, she fusses with a hairdo that is better suited to a college coed in heat.

(CONTINUED)

Leaning against the mirror is a copy of Seventeen magazine, opened to an article titled "Eight Ways to a Better and More Confident You"

B.J. compares her image in the mirror with a photo in the magazine and frowns in frustration.

The door behind her suddenly opens, revealing her nine-year-old brother. ALEX has a peculiar personality, somewhere between Danny Partridge and Renfield. He takes one look at B.J....

ALEX

Bad hat!

He slams the door an instant before the Seventeen magazine hits.

B.J. slumps and looks around the room. The bed's unmade, clothes are strewn about, and half finished projects litter the shelves.

The walls are covered with teen idol photos.

MOM (O.S.)

B.J. Did you hear me?!

B.J. looks at herself in the mirror with a sigh of resignation. She begins to undo her hair.

B.J.

So much for a more confident you.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

B.J. and her friend ALISA go slowly through the cafeteria line, agonizing over food choices.

ALISA

Who you askin' to the Sadie Hawkins dance?

B.J.

Nobody. I'm babysitting.

Eavesdropping from behind, a SNOTTY GIRL impatiently picks up her tray and passes B.J. and Alisa in line.

SNOTTY GIRL

What a shame, Barbara Jean. I'm sure there's some boy in school just dying to be taken to the dance in your parents' catering truck.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.

At least my parents are still married.

With a toss of her hair, Snotty Girl struts off under B.J.'s icy gaze.

ALISA

Who cares about a stupid dance anyway.
A smelly gym, bad decorations, listening
to a bad band, drinking bad punch.

B.J.

Then you're not going either?

ALISA

Sure I'm going. I asked Dave Bailey
this morning.

Off B.J.'s look...

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

In a butt-ugly gym outfit, B.J. is three-quarters of the
way up a climbing rope, holding on for dear life.

Below her, classmates waiting for their turn part as
MRS. MARTINEZ steps to the base of the rope.

MRS. MARTINEZ

Don't give up, Hargrove! You can
do it!

B.J. glances down, then up at the ceiling, which looks
like a hundred miles away.

Her face is perspiring. She inches up with a grimace.

MRS. MARTINEZ

That's it. Keep going...

B.J.

How far?

MRS. MARTINEZ

All the way. Touch the beam!

B.J.

All the way?

MRS. MARTINEZ

Don't be a quitter. Finish what
you start.

(CONTINUED)

Struggling, B.J. pulls herself up another foot.

MRS. MARTINEZ

That's it! Confidence!

B.J. looks at the beam for a beat, then chooses to slide down the rope to the mat. She glances sheepishly at Mrs. Martinez.

MRS. MARTINEZ

You always give up on yourself too soon, Hargrove.

(blowing her whistle)

OK, Tanner! Get your hiney up there!

CUT TO:

EXT. IRON BRIDGE

B.J. rides her bike, accompanied by Alisa on a pink motor scooter, across the iron bridge from school.

When they reach the end of the bridge, B.J. peels off with a wave and goes in the opposite direction.

HER NEIGHBORHOOD

Stately Victorian houses along a tree-lined street filled with autumn leaves.

She waves to PHIL CRANDELL, the Hargrove's next door neighbor, as she rides past. A 50-year-old grouch with a bad jet-black toupe, he rakes leaves and doesn't wave back.

AT THE HARGROVE HOUSE

B.J. walks her bike toward the garage, past the Hargrove catering truck.

The Hargrove home looks particularly unkempt next to Phil Crandell's immaculate house and meticulously groomed lawn.

INT. KITCHEN

A beehive of family activity. The kitchen is in chaos. Every appliance seems to be in use.

Cooking ingredients, mixing bowls, trays and utensils are scattered throughout.

(CONTINUED)

Mom and Dad, blue-collar heroes, flit about in their "Hargrove Catering" aprons between industrial-sized flour bins, two stainless steel refrigerators, and ovens that could accomodate a fatted calf.

A CRYSTAL TUREEN with solid gold handles sits prominently on a shelf. "Chesapeake Chowder Champ!" is lettered in gold across the bowl.

MOM

(to B.J.)

Could you get me that tray, honey?

B.J. hands the tray to her Mom and looks over her shoulder.

B.J.

Chicken cordon bleu... again?

DAD

(from across the room)

It's our best dish! The Brandenburg wedding is a big opportunity for us.

He indicates an expensive, ornately engraved wedding invitation under a banana magnet on the refrigerator.

DAD (con't)

If we shine tonight, it'll mean more work.

As Dad puts saran wrap over a tray of hors d'oeuvres...

DAD

Alright, who got into my canapes?

Everyone looks at Alex, who is washing mixing bowls.

ALEX

Why's everyone lookin' at me?

B.J.

Who else is that devious?

ALEX

What's your problem? You got Kevin Adler on the brain?

MOM

Kevin Adler? Who's Kevin Adler?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

"Dear Diary. Kevin Adler smiled at me today."

B.J.

You little puke faced scumball!

MOM

(gasping)

I do not want that kind of talk in our home! What's going on with you, B.J.? You've been really grumpy lately.

B.J.

He read my diary!

ALEX

Talk about dull. I didn't make it to Thursday.

B.J. slugs Alex in the shoulder. He HOWLS as if he's taken a blow from George Foreman.

DAD

(sharply, to B.J.)

That's enough!

B.J.

He started it.

DAD

You're older. You should know better.

B.J.

I'm sick of being older!...

B.J. throws a dish towel down.

B.J. (Cont.)

I'm sick of Alex! I'm sick of babysitting three nights a week. I'm sick of this town, this stupid neighborhood, this ratty house, and this wacko family! I'm sick of everything! I wish I was somebody else!

And she bolts out of the room. Mom and Dad glare at Alex. He shrugs.

ALEX

Thirteen-year-olds.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Hargrove hugs B.J. on the porch as Dad whisks by with food tray.

DAD
C'mon, step on it.

MOM
(to B.J.)
Are you going to be OK?
(off B.J.'s nod)
You know where to reach us.

DAD
Esther!

MOM
(as she heads for the van)
I want Alex in bed no later than ten.

B.J. waves as the Hargrove Catering Van pulls out of the driveway and heads down the street.

Wind gusts blow leaves from the Hargrove yard onto Phil Crandall's neatly groomed lawn.

As B.J. enters the house she's rocked by Wagner's "The Ride of the Valkyries", echoing from above.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM

WAGNER'S MUSIC BLASTS from a boom box on a shelf next to a baseball mitt and model airplanes.

Nearby are several peanut butter jars containing small dead animal specimens, preserved in formaldehyde -- snakes, rats, mice, frogs, a carp, and an empty jar.

ANGLE ON - ALEX

He hovers over a bat pinned to a cutting board on his desk. Its wings are spread open, its face resembles a grotesque Jumanji token mask.

Nearby is an open book on bat species.

(CONTINUED)

Alex opens his desk drawer, full of canapes, pops one into his mouth, then snaps on Playtex Living Gloves and a swimmer's nose clip.

He picks up a silver X-acto knife and slices into the bat with surgical precision. Black blood oozes from the chest cavity.

ALEX

Wow....

Alex reaches over and thumbs through his bat book.

B.J.

(at the door)

Would you turn down the stereo...
What's that smell?

ALEX

You won't believe this... black blood!

B.J.

You're stinkin' up the house!

ALEX

Who cares, I'm onto something. I
can't find what species this is, but
we got an attic full of 'em.

He glances at B.J. and excitedly pulls off his Playtex gloves.

ALEX

I'm gonna get some more specimens.

B.J.

You're not going up in the attic.

ALEX

Look, it's my science fair project.
I'm gonna do what I have to.

B.J.

(in an ominous whisper)

They say that's where that little
boy vanished.

ALEX

(sing-songy)

"Brad York,
the missing dork,
dis-a-peared like
salted pork!"

(CONTINUED)

Alex rifles through his desk drawers until he finds a roll of adhesive tape.

B.J.
Go ahead and laugh, but I wouldn't
go up there.

Alex goes to a dresser cluttered with embalming supplies, stuffed animals, and reference books.

B.J. (con't)
(foreboding)
Think about it. Bats with black
blood? What if they're poisonous?
What if they devour everything
they kill? Flesh eaters! Maybe
that's why they never found any
trace of that kid.

Alex spins around, shining a flashlight into her eyes.

ALEX
You don't scare me.

Alex grabs a batting helmet and hammer from the closet.

ALEX
I'm armed. I'm dangerous. I'm goin'!

Alex starts for the door and stumbles over his own feet.

B.J.
You uncoordinated klutz!

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings.

B.J.
Just what we need -- two missing
dorks. It's been nice knowing you.

Once she's gone, Alex looks apprehensively up at the ceiling and swallows hard.

INT. FOYER

B.J. opens the front door to reveal Phil Crandell.

B.J.
Hello Mr. Crandell...

MR. CRANDELL
Is your father here?

(CONTINUED)

ATTIC LADDER

With a flashlight taped to his batting helmet like a makeshift miner's cap, Alex cautiously climbs the ladder to the attic. He holds a butterfly net and hammer in one hand and climbs with the other.

Offscreen we hear B.J. and Crandell's conversation at the front door.

MR. CRANDELL (O.S.)
Your leaves are blowing into my yard again.

B.J. (O.S.)
I'll leave Dad a note.

Alex's foot slips on a rung. He regains his balance and moves onward.

MR. CRANDELL (O.S.)
Tell him he either gets those leaves cleaned up or I'll come after your maple tree with an axe.

INT. ATTIC

A shaft of light cuts through the darkness as Alex pushes open the door to the attic and tentatively comes up through the flooring.

The flashlight beam erratically pans the rafters until...the beam begins to flicker.

WHAP! Alex thumps the flashlight on his head with the hammer restoring the light.

Hearing a fluttering behind him, he spins around.

The light finds a clump of bats hanging like dates in the corner.

Eyes wide with fright and fascination, Alex cautiously approaches, readying his butterfly net when...

The flashlight blinks out. Frantic. WHAP! WHAP! on the head. No light.

ALEX
Dammit!

At the sound of his voice, we hear sudden SHRIEKS and the fluttering of bat wings fill the attic.

CONTINUED)

WHAP! The light comes on. Bats dart through the wildly moving beam as Alex swings in panic with his net.

Alex stumbles backwards in the darkness, crashing into a pyramid of trunks, which sets off a chain reaction of falling luggage, crates and boxes.

We follow his flashlight beam to the net, which has a bat trapped against the floor.

Just beyond, Alex sees a gap in the flooring that's just been exposed. The edge of a SANDALWOOD BOX, with its copper clasp and leather handle, is wedged cockeyed in the gap between two floor planks.

The captured bat flops wildly against the flooring. Off its SHRIEK!...

INT. ALEX'S ROOM

The bat is imprisoned alive in a bird cage on Alex's bookshelf.

Alex sits the sandalwood box on his bed. He wipes the dusty lid, revealing the word - JUMANJI.

He opens the box and draws back at the smell.

Alex removes the token case and inspects it. Only two metallic masks are inset in the velvet lining. Next to them are two empty indentations.

He plucks out a token and looks at it. He glances at the bat in the nearby cage.

With a quizzical expression, Alex begins to read the instructions on the inside of the box.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

B.J. lays on the sofa, staring at the television when...

From the hallway, the Jumanji box slides across the hardwood floor like a shuffleboard puck, coming to a stop between B.J. and the television.

B.J. glances nonchalantly at the box, and crooks her head to read the lettering.

She looks back at the television, runs through several channels with the remote...then almost in spite of herself, reaches out and slides the box closer.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
(from the hallway)
Wanna play?

CUT TO:

GAME BOARD

Set up on the family room floor.

ALEX
(reading instructions)
"A"--Player selects token and places
it in deepest jungle. "B"--Player
rolls dice and moves token along
path through the dangers of the jungle.
"C"--First player to reach Jumanji on
the exact roll and yell the city's name
aloud is the winner.

B.J.
Is that all?

ALEX
"D"--Very important. Once a game of
Jumanji is started it will not be over
until one player reaches the Golden City.
Right here...

Alex points to the last square on the game board. An
elaborate drawing depicts a shimmering 24 carat city
that sits at the base of a volcano.

B.J.
This is childish.

She picks up one of the black voodoo cards and flips it
over. Its message is indecipherable.

B.J.
You can't even read these things.

ALEX
Which token do you want?

B.J. examines the velvet-lined token box.

Alex grabs a token from the box and places it on the
game board.

ALEX (Cont.)
Here, I'll make it easy on you.

(CONTINUED)

Before she can respond, he rolls the dice.

ALEX (Cont.)

Four!

(with relish)

The horsemen of the Apocalypse!

Alex moves his token to the fourth square and reads the rhyme on the space.

ALEX

"With golden claws, a Lion attacks;
run up two spaces and try to relax."

B.J.

(sarcastically)

Nursery rhymes, Alex?

ALEX

Roll the dice. It's your turn.

As he scoops up the dice... Alex HEARS a LOW GROWL from behind him.

He glances up at B.J. whose eyes are riveted beyond him with a look of absolute horror on her face.

B.J.

(whispering)

Alex!

(off his look)

Turn around very, very slowly.

ALEX'S POV

as he slowly turns to see -- a colossal LION lying on top of the piano licking his lips.

His enormous paw dangles over the piano keys, revealing razor sharp claws of sparkling gold. His chest heaves with each breath.

He stares back at Alex with cold, menacing eyes.

ANGLE -- ALEX AND B.J.

B.J.

He can't be real.

ALEX

Maybe it's a hologram.

The lion responds with a LOW GROWL.

(CONTINUED)



B.J.
That makes noises?

ALEX
Shhhhhhhhh!

They slowly get to their feet and back towards the hall doorway. The lion measures their every move.

ALEX
It's got to be some kind of illusion.
Here, I'll prove it.

Alex picks up a magazine from the coffee table...

B.J.
Don't!

Alex flings the magazine like a frisbee at the lion.

The lion swats at the magazine, shredding it to pieces in midair with his golden claws!

B.J. and Alex look at each other, wide-eyed.

The lion ROARS -- A sonic-like blast that RATTLES the furniture in the room. B.J. SCREAMS! The lion springs from the piano, striking an OMINOUS CHORD.

Like frightened rabbits, B.J. and Alex dash into the hall and up the stairway.

The lion slips on the throw-rug at the bottom of the stairs. He quickly recovers, leaving the rug in shreds.

He closes in on the kids as they scramble up the stairs.

UPSTAIRS

B.J. and Alex dash down the hallway with the lion a whisker's length behind. They instinctively charge into their own rooms.

The lion cuts into the first room... B.J.'s.

INT. B.J.'S ROOM

B.J. dives under her bed. The lion reaches under with a paw and takes a swipe, leaving deep grooves in the wooden floor. He ducks his head and burrows after her.

B.J. crawls out from the other side. The lion, trying to squeeze under, gets his head stuck.

(CONTINUED)

He wrenches his body. The bed lifts completely off the floor. On his ANGRY ROAR, B.J. bolts from the bedroom and pulls the door shut behind her.

HALLWAY

B.J. stands in the hall, ashen faced, GASPING for breath.

Alex opens his door and peeks out of his room. He holds a BROWNING AIR RIFLE. Relieved to see B.J....

ALEX

Are you okay?

A ROAR comes from behind the closed door, punctuated by the sounds of CRASHING FURNITURE.

B.J.

(still in shock)

This never happened on Park Place.

CUT TO:

GAME BOARD

CLOSE UP of the square; "With golden claws, a lion attacks; run up two spaces, and try to relax."

B.J. (O.S.)

You saw his claws, you explain it.

ALEX (O.S.)

Okay, if he did come from the game, how are we gonna get rid of him?

ANGLE -- B.J. AND ALEX

Alex paces back and forth still holding his rifle. B.J. examines the game board.

B.J.

Not with that B.B. gun.

(indicating board)

There must be an answer here...

ALEX

I'm calling the cops.

B.J.

Alex, look!

(CONTINUED)

B.J. points to a square on the board and reads aloud...

B.J.
 "King of beasts, trapped for zoo;
 No longer will he bother you!"
 (to Alex)
 All I need is to roll a seven!
 My lucky number!

ALEX
 And what if you don't roll a seven?
 It'll be my turn, and I don't want
 to play anymore.

B.J.
 Me neither, but I think we have to.

B.J. grabs the box lid and reads aloud...

B.J.
 "Very important... once a game of
 Jumanji is started, it will not be
 over until one player reaches the
 Golden City."
 (looking at Alex)
 If we want this to end, we have no
 choice but to play.

We hear the lion ROAR upstairs. More CRASHES! The kids
 glance up, then look at each other. Suddenly more
 nervous, B.J. offers the dice to Alex.

B.J.
 You roll for me!

ALEX
 Me! It's not my turn.

She looks down at the dice with dread, then rolls...

CLOSE UP

The dice, tumbling in slow motion across the game board.
 The first die comes up three. The second teeters... and
 comes up five!

B.J. GROANS and moves her token as Alex reads the space
 she's to land on.

ALEX
 "Monkeys steal food; You dropped your guard.
 Go back three spaces and draw a card."

(CONTINUED)

CRASH! Glass SHATTERS, quickly followed by the CLATTER of banging pots.

B.J.

The kitchen!

INT. KITCHEN

B.J. and Alex stand, dumbfounded, in the doorway.

A DOZEN EXOTIC MONKEYS tear apart the kitchen.

B.J.

This is incredible!

A snarling monkey throws a pot through the window.

ALEX

Dad's going to kill you.

B.J.

Me?

ALEX

I didn't roll the eight!

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A bin tumbles over on its side. A flour-covered monkey pops out.

An umber monkey lobs cabbages like grenades out of the open refrigerator.

A monkey family (mom, dad and baby) devour the bowl of fruit on the table.

A brawny monkey grabs Dad's prized crystal tureen from its place on the shelf.

ALEX

Oh my God!

Alex races after the brawny monkey, corners him and snatches the tureen from its grasp.

The monkey lets out a LOUD, ANGRY SHRIEK! Alex SHRIEKS back.

The kitchen falls silent. Alex edges back to the door with the tureen. All the monkeys turn and glare ominously at him.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
We better finish this game... fast!

INT. FAMILY ROOM

B.J. scoops up the dice. We HEAR a generator-like WHINE kick in from the kitchen.

B.J.
Oh no, now they found the mixer!

B.J. (con't)
(handing the dice to Alex)
Hurry!

ALEX
Go back three spaces first.

Alex tries to move B.J.'s token, but it won't budge.

ALEX
It's stuck.

B.J.
Let me.

B.J. easily moves her mask token back three spaces, landing on a BLACK VOODOO CARD SPACE.

B.J.
(urgently)
Your turn!

ALEX
Take a voodoo card.

B.J.
What for? You can't read 'em.

Alex snatches a card and looks at it. It's indecipherable gibberish.

ALEX
You're right.

But when he tosses it aside, B.J.'s POV of the card reveals a message in English!

B.J.
Wait a second.
(reading from the card)
"Just in time to save his skin,
your lost companion tumbles in"

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You can read that?

B.J.

Can't you?

EIAAAAAAAAOW! An ear-shattering WAR CRY erupts from the end of the downstairs hall.

INSERT - EXT. HOUSE

Window panes shatter from the sound in a progression from the back of the house toward the family room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

The kids grab their ears and grimace. The approach of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS preceeds the GROWING WAR CRY. The kids look at each other. Suddenly...

Diving into the room through the doorway is a 30-YEAR-OLD MAN, whose outfit is a crude patchwork of animal skins, feathers, coarsely-woven cloth and torn bits of kahki, obviously the work of a scavenger.

B.J. and Alex scramble behind the piano as the Stranger leaps the sofa and pulls it over for cover.

THUNK! -- A spear pierces into the sofa. The WAR CRY from the hall suddenly STOPS.

The Stranger looks at the kids, cowering behind the piano. They give him a stunned once-over.

He wears a fur hat with a tree-bark bill that makes it resemble a baseball cap. Slung over his shoulder is a tiger-skin pouch. One boot has been scavanged from some unknown white hunter, the other is a ragged replica hand-made from snakeskin.

He glances at the Jumanji board on the floor.

STRANGER

Thank God, someone's playing the game again!

THUNK! -- Another spear sails by and into the wall.

B.J. cranes around the piano and looks at the entry way. Behind a decorative, translucent stained-glass panel next to the doorway, she sees...

A face that appears to be half-leopard half-man!

(CONTINUED)

INT. HALL

MOHAMBBA, a native witch doctor of imposing stature, steps from behind the stained-glass window and into the shadows. His face is cowled behind a gruesome leopard mask. He loads a dart into his blowgun.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

The Stranger grabs a heavy glass ashtray from the coffee table and loads it into a leather sling. He expertly whirls the sling and lets the ashtray fly toward the hall door.

Mohamba ducks out of sight as it shatters on the molding.

The Stranger yanks the spear out of the wall and scrambles toward the kitchen before Mohamba reappears.

B.J.

This isn't a game, it's a nightmare!

From behind the piano, Alex eyes his Browning rifle, propped in the corner.

ALEX

Stay here!

Alex dashes across the room toward the rifle. PFFFFT!
He takes a dart in his leg!

B.J.

Alex!

Alex staggers, woozy and disoriented.

His body shudders. His eyes roll back and he falls stiffly to the floor, much to B.J.'s horror.

INT. KITCHEN

Still feeding, the monkeys glance at the Stranger.

He reaches into his tiger-skin pouch and pulls out a round, smooth stone the size of a baseball. The monkeys scatter for cover.

The phone on the wall RINGS...

(CONTINUED)

INT. HALLWAY

Startled and frightened, Mohamba jumps away from ANOTHER PHONE, RINGING on a table in the hall.

Reflexively he pulls a machete from its scabbard and begins hacking away at it until the blade severs the cord... SILENCE.

The Stranger dives from the kitchen, flinging his "baseball" stone with a sling in his right hand.

Mohamba blocks the projectile with his shield.

As it careens away, the Stranger rolls to his feet in a blur and throws the spear with his left hand.

The spear creases Mohamba's side, leaving a deep gash.

The Stranger dives for cover into the dining room as Mohamba returns fire with his blowgun.

When the Stranger looks back into the hall, Mohamba is gone!

He cautiously moves to where Mohamba was standing.

He sees blood drops on the wood floor. He begins to follow the trail...

B.J. (O.S.)

Hands up!

The Stranger turns to see B.J. in the shadows of the kitchen door.

She peers shakily down the sight of Alex's Browning rifle.

STRANGER

Don't be stupid! The witch doctor's wounded. Now's our chance.

B.J.

Chance! What chance? He killed my brother with a poison dart.

STRANGER

Tsetse venom. He's only asleep.

B.J. searches his eyes, wanting to believe him.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
Who are you?

STRANGER
Brad York.

B.J.'s eyes widen in surprise.

The Stranger (hereafter called Brad) reaches for the leather thong around his neck.

B.J.
Don't move!

Brad reassures her with an open hand...

BRAD
I'm on your side.

He carefully, slowly pulls the thong up until he reveals...

CLOSEUP - METAL MASK

Worn like a charm on the leather thong, it's one of the missing game tokens!

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Brad walks steadily towards B.J.

B.J.
Stay right there!

Brad continues his approach.

BRAD
I've been trapped inside this game for twenty years...

B.J. can't keep the rifle steady as he bears down.

BRAD
And I'm not going to let you ruin my chance to get out!

Brad snatches the rifle away from B.J. He hefts it, looking at it with dismay.

BRAD
A B.B. gun?

(CONTINUED)

He throws it to the floor and grabs the spear imbedded in the doorjam. As Brad heads down the hall...

B.J.
(at his heels)
Where are you going?

BRAD
To find Mohamba.

B.J.
Who?

BRAD
The witch doctor. I'm gonna finish him off.

He follows a trail of blood down the hall toward a door that is slightly ajar.

B.J.
What about my brother?

BRAD
Shhhhhh! He'll be fine I tell you.

Brad stops outside the door.

BRAD
You don't know what we're dealing with here. Mohamba won't give up until he gets this token. Now that I've got him cornered, I can put an end to it once and for all.

He readies his spear with one hand and yanks his machete out of its scabbard with the other.

BRAD (con't)
Step back kid, this is gonna be messy.

(CONTINUED)

Brad throws open the door, ready for combat. The curtains billow at the open window.

BRAD
Damn! When did you put a window
in this room?

EXT. STUDY WINDOW

Brad bounds out of the window like a cat. B.J. watches from the window.

Brad drops to a knee and intensely searches the grass in the surrounding area.

BRAD
Nobody can track Mohamba. He's
like smoke.

He turns to B.J. in frustration.

BRAD
See what you did? You and that dumb
B.B. gun.

B.J.
I didn't bring him into the house,
you did.

BRAD
Well, thanks to you, he's on the loose.

B.J.
And thanks to you my brother's hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM

B.J. and Brad kneel over Alex, who is still unconscious. He pulls the dart from Alex's leg.

B.J.
Sure you know what you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Hey, I've been dealing with Mohamba
longer than you've been alive.

Brad removes a small dried pod from his tiger skin pouch.
He breaks it open and runs it like smelling salts under
Alex's nose. Brad's token dangles over Alex.

B.J.

Why would a witch doctor want your
game token?

BRAD

He wants to destroy it.

B.J.

What for?

BRAD

He's trying to protect Jumanji from
outside intruders. It's their
sacred city.

After a moment he tosses it into the nearby tureen like
a broken peanut shell and pops open another one.

B.J.

I don't understand.

BRAD

(irritated)

You don't need to. Look, everybody's
after the token -- natives, colonialists,
white hunters -- I didn't have a friend
in the whole damn jungle. Couldn't
trust anyone. Even the monkeys.

B.J.

Are they all trying to destroy it?

BRAD

You ask too many questions.

Alex begins to stir. Brad pops a fresh pod. When he
leans near the tureen, the token on his leather thong
jumps toward the gold handle and sticks like a magnet.

Brad plucks it from the handle before B.J. notices and
stuffs it in his shirt.

Alex awakens, groggy. He draws abruptly away from the
smell of the pod.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
What the hell happened?

BRAD
Lay still awhile. You'll be fine.

Alex pushes the pod in Brad's hand away.

ALEX
That stinks like the game box.
What is that stuff?

BRAD
Gwanji pods.

DING-DONG! Their heads swivel at the sound of the doorbell.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Phil Crandell stands on the porch. The door opens a crack and B.J. peeks out.

B.J.
Mr. Crandell!

PHIL
What's all the racket over here?
Nobody answered when I telephoned.

B.J.
I'm sorry. I warned Alex about those new stereo speakers. From now on it's headphones. I don't care what it does to his ears.

Phil cranes his neck, looking suspiciously in the limited field of view that B.J. allows.

PHIL
Do what you have to, but if it happens again tonight, I call my son, whether he's on duty or not.

REVERSE ANGLE

We see Brad behind the door with his sling ready.

B.J.
(alarmed)
We don't need the police. I've got everything under control.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Don't think I'm not going to tell
your folks about this.

B.J.
(closing the door)
Goodnight, Mr. Crandell.

B.J. closes the door and breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. HOUSE

Mr. Crandell GRUMBLES as he leaves the porch. Crossing the lawn, he hears a CLATTER coming from the side of the Hargrove house.

He sees the door to the Hargrove cellar open.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR

Mr. Crandell looks into the doorway suspiciously. It's dark and foreboding. He cocks his head and listens.
Suddenly a cat darts out.

Crandell GASPS. When he regains his composure and is about to leave... something catches his eye.

He steps down into the cellar and snatches a pair of hedge shears from a nail on the wall.

CRANDELL
So that's where they've been! It's
like loaning books to a blind man.

Crandell stalks out with the shears, closes the cellar door and bolts it from the outside.

INT. CELLAR

Mohamba steps from the shadows, holding the bloody wound on his side.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Alex sits on the sofa with his head between his knees as B.J. enters with glass of water.

B.J.
Here. Brad says this will help.

(CONTINUED)

Alex takes the glass without looking up and pours the water over his head.

ALEX
How do we know this guy's who he
says he is?

B.J. turns toward the kitchen door.

B.J.
Brad, show him your tok-- Brad?
(going to the door)
Brad?

ALEX
Where is he?

They hear COMMOTION AND FOOTSTEPS from above.

CUT TO:

UPSTAIRS HALL

Brad yanks his tiger-skin pouch from the burly monkey, who retreats with a SCREECH.

Brad walks back down the hall shaking his head...

BRAD
Monkeys! Stinkin', flea-carryin'
good for nothin' bandits! I hate em!

He passes Alex's door then suddenly stops. Something about the room draws him in.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM

As Brad enters, he takes off his cap, revealing his tell-tale cowlick.

He goes to the window pulls aside the curtain and looks outside. He runs his finger down a familiar scratch on the wood panel wall.

He lays down on the bed and stares with a smile at a crack in the ceiling.

Alex charges in followed by B.J.

ALEX
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

This was my room. In the jungle,
before I went to sleep at night,
I'd try to recreate it in my mind.
I'd imagine the closet, the view
out the window, that crack in the
ceiling. It made me feel safe.

Brad suddenly swats a fly on his arm... and pops it into
his mouth!

B.J. is totally repulsed. Brad gets up and pulls on his
cap.

BRAD

Are you ready?

B.J.

For what?

BRAD

To finish the game! With Mohamba on
the loose, it's the only way anybody's
going to survive.

The lion ROARS from down the hall.

ALEX

Let's roll those babies.

BRAD

There's just one little problem.

CUT TO:

STAIRS

As the kids follow Brad down.

ALEX

Fourth player? Why? What for?

BRAD

You don't understand, do you?
You joined the same game we
started twenty years ago. It's
his turn.

B.J.

So who is this guy?

BRAD

My brother Luke.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
Luke?... Luke York? Marcy
Brandenburg's Luke York?

BRAD
You know Marcy?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP WEDDING INVITATION

beneath a banana magnet on the refrigerator.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Brandenburg
Request the pleasure of your presence
at the wedding of their daughter
Marcy to Mr. Luke York.

ALEX (o.s.)
He's your brother?

ANOTHER ANGLE - KITCHEN

Brad stares at the invitation in disbelief.

BRAD
I can't believe Stinky's getting
married. And to Marcy!

B.J.
Yeah, and if we don't get to him
soon, they'll be off on their honeymoon.

Brad yanks the invitation off the refrigerator and heads
for the family room, followed by the kids.

BRAD
What do you mean, we? You're not
going anywhere. I work alone.

B.J.
And what do we do if Mohamba shows
up when you're gone?

Brad stops, thinks a moment, then...

BRAD
Get your tokens. Keep them with
you at all times.

B.J.
How come?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(with a stern gaze)
I'm only going to say this once --
What happens to them, happens to you.

ALEX
What do you mean?

BRAD
Look, I'm in charge. If you two
are coming along, you do exactly
as I say. Understand?

ALEX
(with a scout salute)
You can trust us.

BRAD
I don't trust anyone. Now, get
with it.

B.J. grabs her token from the game board and tries to
pick up Alex's token, too. But it's stuck.

BRAD
Only a player can move his token.
Alex darts to the board and easily removes his token.

ALEX
Whaddaya know?

BRAD
Remember your places.
(to Alex)
And no cheating!

ALEX
(defensively)
Cheat? I didn't cheat!

BRAD
Good. Let's move it!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

The garage door flies open like a starting gate and out
burst Brad, B.J. and Alex... all on bikes!

B.J. and Alex are on snazzy new dirt bikes with
high handlebars and neon colors.

(CONTINUED)

Brad follows on a rusty adult ten-speed with a wobbly tire and a squeaky axle.

As they barrel off down the street, they're unknowingly followed by several monkeys.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELLAR - NIGHT

We slowly move in on the closed door, and see a flickering of light between the cracks.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Mohamba's leopard mask lies on the dirt floor next to a small fire.

Empty mason jars are strewn nearby. Labels on the jars indicate various fruits and vegetables.

In the flickering light of the fire we see the witch doctor, in silhouette. (His face is never visible.)

Using an empty paint can and axe handle like a mortar and pestle, he prepares a poultice by grinding the fruits and vegetables into a thick mixture.

Setting the can on the fire, he begins CHANTING in a native dialect. He passes his hand over the fire and the flames magically leap up, casting eerie shadows on the dirt walls.

He scoops a handful of the mixture onto a piece of torn cloth. He turns and we see a gash on his side, oozing blood.

As he applies the poultice to the wound...

CUT TO:

EXT. MID-TOWN STREET

The trio pedal past a statue of Gen. George McClellan on horseback as monkeys follow in the distance. A spanking new sports car whips by them.

B.J. glances at Brad, who gawks at the sports car.

B.J.

I guess things have really changed around here, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

(indicating statue)

Except for the General. I remember one Halloween when I had to come down here and untie Luke from the horse's leg. Some guys took all his trick-or-treats. He wouldn't have lasted two seconds in the jungle.

CUT TO:

A SNARLING TIGER stuffed and mounted on a wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. BRANDENBURG LIBRARY

ED BRANDENBURG pours a whiskey at the bar beneath several big-game trophies.

Silver-haired, square-jawed and sixty, he has enough testosterone to launch a rocket.

He hands the drink to Luke "Stinky" York, outfitted in his rented tux.

BRANDENBURG

Marcy tells me you two are moving to California.

LUKE

Yes, sir. My company has an opening in middle-management in San Diego.

BRANDENBURG

I've got a nice management opening myself in the textile mill. And Vivian has been looking at a house for you two not three blocks away.

Luke sips at his drink.

LUKE

That's very nice, sir, but I'm a life insurance man. I don't know anything about the textile business.

Brandenburg glances at a glassy-eyed boar's head on the wall.

BRANDENBURG

You know, Luke, Marcy means everything to us. Everything! I can't tell you what it would do to her mother and I to be without her.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CORRIDOR

Luke's footsteps echo as he walks briskly toward the Library. He throws open the large wooden door.

LUKE

This is a really sick joke!

The room is silent, empty. With an uneasy caution he steps in, his eyes scanning the stuffed animals, the potted plants, the furniture for a clue.

LUKE (Cont.)

Did you hear me?

The door suddenly SLAMS shut behind him. Luke GASPS then whirls to see B.J. and Alex, bolting the door.

LUKE

What do you think you're doing?

Brad steps from behind a wingback chair across the room.

BRAD

Luke!

Luke spins toward the voice. His eyes go wide with astonishment at the animal-skinned clad figure before him.

LUKE

Who the hell are you?

BRAD

You don't recognize your own brother?

LUKE

Yeah, right! Who hired you? The guys in actuarials? This isn't funny.

Luke steps to the telephone, but Brad grabs his wrist as he lifts the receiver.

BRAD

Take a good look at me, Luke.

Luke meets his eyes, then glances at the Indian head penny in his hand.

Brad suddenly snatches the penny from his palm.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(with a grin)
You can have it back after the game.

Luke's eyes narrow with uncertainty.

BRAD
Go ahead, ask me anything.

LUKE
What's my favorite ice cream?

BRAD
Chocolate chocolate chip.

LUKE
How did we get the crack in the
bedroom wall?

BRAD
It's in the ceiling not the wall. Dad
dropped his bowling ball in the attic.

LUKE
Who knocked the baseball through Mrs.
Collins back window?

BRAD
You did, but I took the rap.

LUKE
(stunned)
Brad?...Brad!
(with a sudden bear hug)
My God it is you! Brad! I can't
believe it!

Uncomfortable with Luke's embrace, Brad maneuvers free,
allowing Luke to get a fresh look at him. The absurdity
of Brad's outfit prompts...

LUKE
What the hell happened to you?
Where have you been?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG GARDEN

Guests mill about the grounds. The dance band plays,
the teenage waiters circulate with hors d'oeuvre trays,
men belly up to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

Marcy takes her father's hand and leads him to the dance floor.

MARCY

I want this first dance to be with you.

BRANDENBURG

(smiling)

I can't tell you how happy I am that you and Luke have decided not to move.

As she freezes mid-step...

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

Luke and Brad are toe to toe, faces flushed in anger.

BRAD

How could you have just run away like that?

LUKE

I did what any sane person would do.

BRAD

You mean what any coward would do.

LUKE

I came back, but you were already gone!

BRAD

Twenty years in hell, thanks to you.

LUKE

It hasn't been a picnic for me either.

(shoving Brad away)

We looked everywhere for you. Days, weeks, months! How could you have just disappeared like that?

BRAD

I told you what happened.

LUKE

Right, and I've spent the last twenty years in Neverland. You really expect me to believe all this? You need help. Look at you!

(CONTINUED)

B.J.

Will you two knock it off! We've got a six-hundred-pound lion in the bedroom, monkeys in the kitchen and a witch doctor on the loose. We need to get back and finish the game.

LUKE

What?

ALEX

Why do you think we're here! It's your turn to roll.

LUKE

You're all crazy!

ALEX

We can finish the game and have you back before your bride gets horny.

B.J. elbows Alex as Luke glares at him.

LUKE

Jeez, I hate kids. I grew up to get away from kids.

Brad forcefully grabs his arm.

BRAD

For once, you're going to get me out of trouble.

Luke jerks away and storms for the door.

LUKE

This is my wedding night, goddammit, and nothing's going to get in the way of that!

Luke flings open the door to reveal...

MOHAMBA

standing in the doorway!

In a burst of panic, Luke tries to slam the door on him, but Mohamba blocks it.

A momentary stalemate, then with a mighty heave...

Mohamba throws open the door, sending Luke tumbling.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly Brad leaps over him, grabs the top door jam and kicks Mohamba back into the hall.

As Mohamba tumbles to the floor, Brad leaps on top of him. Before Mohamba can recover, Brad maneuvers him into a choke-hold from behind.

Defenseless, Mohamba gropes for his elephant scrotum pouch. He pulls out a handful of teeth and throws them against the wall.

Explosions of light. Thick smoke. And rising up from the floor...

A half-dozen painted ZULU WARRIORS with spears, shields and wearing voodoo masks resembling the game tokens!

As they approach, Brad shoves Mohamba into them and darts back into the Library, bolting the door shut.

At the phone, Luke pushes a single digit. A HOME PROTECTION SIREN begins to BLEAT!

B.J.

What are you doing?

LUKE

Putting and end to all this.
Security will be here in no time.

ALEX

We gotta get out of here.

LUKE

I'm not going anywhere.

THWACK! Brad knocks him out with a round-house punch.

ALEX

(at another door)

This way!

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

A SECURITY GUARD appears at the end of the hall. He can scarcely believe his eyes when he sees Mohamba and his warriors at the library door.

GUARD

Hey, what's going on here?

The guard suddenly ducks behind a potted plant as six spears fly past and imbed in the wall behind him.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. MANSION

At the side of the house, the kids race toward a garage where the front end of a limo sticks out.

A moment later -- with the coast clear -- Brad follows, carrying Luke over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER

The Guard has taken cover behind a sculpture and has his gun trained up the grand staircase.

GUARD

(into his walkie-talkie)
... I'm telling you they look like
jungle warriors! Spears, masks, the
whole nine yards! Get your ass in
here and you can see for yourself.

FROM THE BALCONY ABOVE

Mohamba hovers behind a column, looking for an escape as his warriors ready their blowguns.

Once they're prepared, Mohamba raises both fists and pounds them together, then gestures toward the security guard down in the foyer.

As the warriors move into position, Mohamba disappears into a nearby bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Brad dumps Luke's limp body into the back seat of the limo as B.J. and Alex hop into the passenger seats.

B.J.

The key's in the ignition. Hurry!

Approaching SIRENS can be heard in the distance. B.J. and Alex stare at Brad with impatient expectation. Brad just stands, staring into the car.

B.J.

C'mon!

BRAD

I can't drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN

Above the BLEATING alarm, Brandenburg tries to calm the jittery guests.

BRANDENBURG
...everybody just relax. Things are
well in hand.

From the crowd there's a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!

WOMAN'S VOICE
There's a monkey in the wedding cake!

The crowd parts. Sure enough, a monkey is sitting in the wedding cake as if it were a bean bag chair, both hands full of cake and his muzzle covered with frosting.

A WAITER reaches to grab him. The monkey snarls and bites him on the hand, drawing blood.

ANOTHER VOICE
There's another one!

Suddenly the place is alive with monkeys....

A SERIES OF SHOTS

An auburn monkey swings on paper lanterns, tearing down decorations in his wake.

A burly monkey gulps champagne with a wicked grin.

The monkey family throws food from a banquet table at retreating guests.

A group of monkeys attack the bandstand, stealing instruments and overturning music stands.

Brandenburg stares at the chaos, stunned.

Suddenly Mohamba drops into the crowd from the second story window. SCREAMS! SHOUTS! STAMPEDE!

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER

PFFFT! PFFFT! PFFFT! Blowdarts fly across the room.

The security guards, who have assembled below, return fire. SHOTS RICOCHET off the marble bannister.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #1 sees GUARD #2 sprawled on the floor. He runs to him and drags him out of the line of fire.

GUARD #1

Hang on partner, talk to me. Where are you hit?

Beat... then Guard #2 SNORES! As his head slumps back, Guard #1 discovers a tiny dart imbedded in his neck.

EXT. GARAGE

The limo peels out with B.J. at the wheel!

As it leaves the garage, we see the tin cans tied to the bumper and a "Just Married" sign on the back.

The limo blasts past Mr. Hargrove, who's running urgently toward the catering truck. He stops suddenly, uncertain of what he's seen. He holds his gaze until...

MRS. HARGROVE

Stuart! What is it?

Mr. Hargrove snaps back to the situation at hand.

MR. HARGROVE

Monkeys! They're attacking the reception!

As he tugs her toward the back yard...

EXT. GATE

As the limo zips past the guardhouse the GUARD sees Luke slumped against the window.

Once beyond the gate, the limo fishtails around the corner. WAILING cop cars come from the opposite direction passing the limo as they head toward the mansion.

INT. LIMO

Luke is regaining consciousness in the back seat. When he sees where he is...

LUKE

Have you lost your minds? This is kidnapping!

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
Where's your token?

LUKE
Token? My token? How the hell
should I know?

BRAD
Think!

LUKE
I'm not doing anything until you
let me go.

Brad pulls a snake head skeleton from his pouch and
presses its two long fangs against Luke's jugular.

LUKE
You wouldn't do this. I'm your little
brother!

Brad's steely look remains unchanged.

LUKE (Cont.)
It's been twenty years!... Okay,
maybe it's somewhere in storage...
Turn right at the corner.

Brad pulls the skeleton away from Luke's neck and, with
a smile, uses the fangs to clean his fingernails.

As the limo zips around the corner...

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDENBURG MANSION

Zulus are being handcuffed and led outside as
Brandenburg walks urgently to the library followed by
Marcy.

INT. LIBRARY

The room is full of COPS and SECURITY MEN.

BRANDENBURG
(bursting in)
Who's in charge here?

LT. HARVEY CRANE, a capable police veteran, conferring
with his men, steps toward Brandenburg.

(CONTINUED)

LT. CRANE

Lt. Harvey Crane, Mr. Brandenburg.
I assure you, we'll get to the bottom
of this. We're on top of everything.

Brandenburg gestures toward the library window where
we see ANIMAL CONTROL WORKERS with capture nets chase
the monkeys through the crowd of confused and agitated
guests.

BRANDENBURG

You call that being on top of everything?

MARCY

Has anyone seen my husband?

ANOTHER COP urgently enters the library and interrupts
Lt. Crane and Brandenburg.

COP

We lost the ringleader at the
river, Sir.

BRANDENBURG

Lost him!
(to Crane)
I'll have your job for this.

LT. CRANE

Take it easy, Mr. Brandenburg.
(to Cop)
Get a unit out there and patrol
the banks with a searchlight.
On the double!

MARCY

(more emphatic)
Has anyone seen my husband!

COP

The groom? We just got a report
from the guard at the gate that he
was seen leaving the grounds in a
limo.

BRANDENBURG

Leaving!

Brandenburg goes to his gun rack and pulls out an
elephant rifle.

MARCY

Daddy, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDENBURG
Luke's responsible for this. Why else
would he run?

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE

Brandenburg peels out in a customized Land Rover.

He screeches to a stop as Marcy leaps in front of the
all terrain vehicle.

MARCY
You're not going anywhere without me!

Marcy hitches up her wedding gown and hops in the
passenger seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. U-STORE-IT COMPOUND

The "Just Married" limo is parked in front of a self-
storage garage.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE

The corrugated door is thrown open and Luke turns on the
light. A hodgepodge of old furniture, boxes and storage
trunks suggests a past life long ago abandoned.

Brad wanders through the items followed by Luke.

LUKE
I haven't been here since Dad
moved to Boston.

BRAD
He moved to Boston?

LUKE
Ten years ago. It was too painful here.
He couldn't stand the house anymore...
and he couldn't stand me.

Off Brad's look...

LUKE
I never could take your place. We
haven't talked since he moved. I
didn't even invite him to the wedding.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Why not?

LUKE

I was afraid he wouldn't come.

BRAD

That's the stupidest thing I ever heard!

In a reflexive burst of anger, Luke shoves Brad backwards into a large shelf, which topples toward B.J. A large mirror shatters sending sharp fragments flying.

B.J. grabs her arm with a look of shock. Blood trickles from a wound beneath her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO

B.J. leans back against the fender as Brad tends her wound. Brad's tiger skin pouch is open on the hood.

BRAD

See why I'd rather work alone?

In the b.g. inside the garage, Alex and Luke are sorting through boxes.

B.J.

Keep acting like this and you will be working alone. Nobody'll want to have anything to do with you.

BRAD

You talk too much.

B.J.

You shouldn't be so hard on Luke. He was trying to open up to you and you bust him.

BRAD

How old are you?

B.J.

Thirteen.

BRAD

What do you know about anything?

(CONTINUED)

Brad smears ointment on her arm.

B.J.

Ouch!... I know how to treat people.

BRAD

Luke's not people, he's my brother.

B.J.

I didn't mean just Luke.

Brad ties a banana leaf bandage on the wound, but with a more gentle touch.

B.J.

So what if he was afraid of inviting your father to the wedding. Big deal. Aren't you afraid of anything?

BRAD

Do you know what it's like to be alone -- really alone? It's the scariest thing on earth. I'll never forget that first night in the jungle. Darker than you could ever imagine. Strange noises coming from who knows where. Absolutely nothing familiar. You talk about fear...

Brad's unexpected vulnerability captivates B.J.

BRAD (Cont.)

I didn't sleep at all the first night. Or the second. I was certain I'd die if I did. But the third night... I couldn't fight it any longer. And you know when everything changed? When I woke up. I had survived. I knew I could survive. And without any help. Little by little, I beat the fear of being alone. It took time, but I beat it. Now nothing scares me.

He grabs his pouch and heads for the garage. At the door, he stops and turns around...

BRAD

Don't take off that banana leaf until I tell you to.

B.J. nods, a hint of infatuation in her expression.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

Brad enters and stops short.

BRAD
You haven't opened a single box.
What have you been doing all this
time?

LUKE
Sorting.

BRAD
Sorting!

LUKE
I'm trying to narrow the odds. We
don't have time to go through every
box.

Brad pulls out his machete and approaches Luke and Alex. They back away, eyes wide, as he lifts his machete over his head.

THWACK! Brad cleaves a box in half.

BRAD
Do I have to do everything myself?

LUKE
You gonna chop 'em all in half,
hot dog?

Brad scans the mounds of boxes with a scowl. His expression suddenly brightens.

BRAD
What we need is some gold.

Off their reaction...

CUT TO:

LUKE'S WEDDING RING

Suspended like a pendulum from a string.

Dangling the ring by his hand, Brad passes it over several boxes like a dowser.

ALEX
The tokens attract gold?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

I used mine like a compass to try
and find the sacred city of Jumanji.

B.J.

There's gold there?

BRAD

The whole city is gold.

ALEX

Whoa!

BRAD

It's buried somewhere in volcano country.
I thought if I found it, it might be
the way to get home.

The ring suddenly jumps as if pulled by a magnetic
force. Brad follows the direction the ring is pulling
until he zeroes in on a particular box.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE BOX

Brad pulls the fourth Jumanji token from a jumble of
items, (marbles, baseball cards, a pocket knife and
other treasures) packed in a cigar box.

BRAD

Got it!

He holds it up like a trophy. B.J. smiles her approval.

BRAD

(suddenly aware...)

Where's Luke?

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE

Luke is high-tailing it toward the limo when Brad
tackles him from behind and pins him to the ground.

LUKE

Let me go!

BRAD

(in Luke's face)

You haven't changed a bit, you
gutless wonder!

(CONTINUED)

Luke struggles under his grasp.

BRAD (Cont.)

You're the reason I'm in this mess.
Ran out on me twenty years ago and
you're trying to do it again. You
call yourself a brother?

LUKE

What about my wife?

BRAD

She'll be there when it's over. Right
now, you owe me!

Brad releases Luke in frustration. Luke tries to
nonchalantly brush off his tux, but it's clear he's been
affected by what Brad has said.

Brad holds up Luke's token.

BRAD

You in or out?

By then, Brad has been joined by Alex and B.J., who
stand shoulder to shoulder awaiting Luke's reply.

Luke glances at his wristwatch.

LUKE

I'll give you an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT

The limo sits in the driveway next to the house, which
seems even more ominous with its lights out. The only
glow comes from a few cracks in the cellar door.

INT. CELLAR

Like he was handling dynamite, Luke opens the game board
and places it on the dirt floor beneath the glow of a
naked lightbulb.

In the background, Brad plucks a trip-wire at the
doorway with a broom handle.

WHOOSH! A mace-like contraption with garden tool spikes
swings head high through the doorway from the cellar
ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Goodbye, Mohamba.
(as he resets the trap)
We'll be safe playing down here.

Unnerved, Luke studies the deadly mace.

LUKE

What is it with you and this witch
doctor guy? Don't you think you're
over-reacting a bit?

Brad rips open his sleeve to reveal a purplish corded
scar on his forearm.

BRAD

I got this ten years ago... Mohamba's
machete. Hand to hand combat over
the falls.

Before Luke can reply, Brad pulls up the animal skin
covering his abdomen, revealing a puncture scar.

BRAD

Four years ago. Mohamba's spear.
Woke me up out of a sound sleep. I
nearly fell out of the tree.

As Brad pulls up his pant leg...

BRAD

Six months ago...

LUKE

Okay, I get the picture.

BRAD

No, you don't. If Mohamba gets these
tokens and destroys the game... you
don't want to know what will happen
to you.

Luke, B.J. and Alex share an apprehensive look and place
their tokens on the board.

CLOSEUP -- GAME BOARD

With all the tokens in their proper positions, we get a
glimpse of various hazards ahead as Luke mumbles...

LUKE (O.S.)

Crocodiles, bull elephants, quicksand...

(CONTINUED)

BRAD joins the group.

BRAD
Are you gonna read or play?

Luke reaches into the box to get the dice and a spider crawls out. He jerks his hand back with a SHRIEK.

Brad reflexively grabs the spider and pops it into his mouth. Luke looks at him in utter disgust.

BRAD
(off Luke's expression)
Eat or be eaten.

LUKE
You sound like my father-in-law.

B.J.
(handing Luke the dice)
Will you roll already?

Luke meets Brad's eyes and takes a deep breath. He undoes his bow tie and opens his collar. The tension builds. Luke finally rolls the dice.

ALEX
Four.

Luke moves his token to a space that says...

LUKE
"Tsetse vine blocks your way.
Lose one turn, don't run away."

Everyone looks around the cellar with concern.

B.J.
(relieved)
At least it's not an animal.

All seems to be quiet. Luke grabs a rusty pruner and places it next to the gameboard.

LUKE
Just in case.

Brad grabs the pruner and throws it across the cellar.

BRAD
Don't ever cut a tsetse vine!

CUT TO:

EXT. CELLAR

We see young green shoots of a tsetse vine begin to envelope the cellar door.

One of shoots branches off toward the cellar window, as if to scout.

We follow another of the shoots up the drainpipe until we can see the downtown lights in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDENBURG'S LAND ROVER

Brandenburg revs his engine at a stop light.

MARCY

Luke wouldn't have anything to do with this. You don't know him like I do.

BRANDENBURG

Oh, I know him alright. Tells me you're staying, tells you you're going. I warned you about insurance peddlers.

MARCY

He's a claims review specialist!

BRANDENBURG

Whatever he calls himself, I'm going to find him if I have to cover every square inch of this town.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The light changes and Brandenburg peels out.

Mohamba steps from the shadows of a nearby all-night supermarket then darts down the alley in the opposite direction toward the residential area.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE

Zebras graze on neighborhood lawns, a sign that the game is still progressing.

The Hargrove house is almost totally engulfed in the tsetse vine that is steadily creeping toward nearby houses.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CELLAR

It's filled with yellow and brown orchids.

Luke, B.J. and Alex are all LAUGHING uncontrollably.
Their eyes water.

Alex sniffs a veritable bouquet of flowers in his hand.

ALEX

Hyena orchids!

Brad holds a rag over his nose and mouth like a dust
bowl farmer in a windstorm.

BRAD

Where's the dice?
(grabbing Luke)
What'd you do with the dice?

Luke grins, then opens his mouth. The dice are on his
tongue. B.J. and Alex laugh hysterically.

Brad smacks Luke on the back of his head and the dice
tumble out onto the game board.

BRAD

Six!

As Luke, Alex and B.J. go into convulsions of laughter,
Brad moves his token to a space that says:

Snake woman Sheba dances for you,
Sit back and enjoy, then move ahead two.

Brad jumps his token ahead two more to a blank space.

BRAD

Okay, B.J., your turn.

But before B.J. can gather herself...

ALEX

Look!

Rising up from amid the orchids, wilting them with her
beauty, is a statuesque JUNGLE WOMAN.

Curled around her is a ten foot CHAMELEON SNAKE, whose
skin matches the pattern and color of whatever surface
it's on.

(CONTINUED)



As the last of the orchids wilt, only B.J. continues to laugh. She suddenly realizes no one else is.

Alex is thunderstruck. Luke grins from ear to ear. And Brad is mesmerized, locked in the jungle woman's seductive gaze.

B.J. gives Brad a sharp elbow in the ribs.

B.J.

Give me the dice.

BRAD

(eyes still on jungle woman)

What's your hurry?

Jungle woman continues her alluring dance, undulating with her serpentine partner.

ALEX

Get a load of that snake.

As it slithers from her body, the front half of the snake resembles the dirt floor, while the back half still matches the color of her skin and the pattern of her outfit.

LUKE

Who cares about the snake...

CUT TO:

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE

Zebras scatter as Mohamba dashes across the street. A passing car swerves at the sight and CRASHES into a nearby tree.

At the SOUND, porch lights in the neighborhood turn on. Curtains part, doors open.

Mohamba vaults the fence into the Hargrove's back yard.

Phil Crandell charges out of his house and looks at the vine covered Hargrove house in horror.

Vines the thickness of tugboat ropes are growing up the side of Phil Crandell's house.

Crandell runs to his garage and grabs a hoe. He begins frantically chopping away at the vines. As the vines are severed...

(CONTINUED)

Swarms of tsetse flies pour out and envelop Crandell. Phil slaps wildly about, then suddenly falls limply to the ground, in a deep sleep.

As the tsetse flies move down the block, neighbors, who have come out to investigate the crash, drop one by one.

EXT. HARGROVE BACK YARD

Mohamba stealthily approaches the broken cellar window. As he looks inside...

INT. CELLAR

Jungle woman moistens her lips as she approaches Brad. Alarmed, B.J. pries the dice from Brad's hand and rolls.

She quickly moves her token forward to a black voodoo space and draws a card. Summarizing what she's read...

B.J.

Treasure hunters! Juju fog!

VOICE (O.S.)

Well, Banana Boy, we meet again!

Brad's head snaps around to see the silhouettes of two men in the corner. A mist begins to appear, hovering at ground level.

Stepping into the light are TWO KHAKI-CLAD TREASURE HUNTERS with their rifles ready. Sweat-stained and unshaven, we can almost hear the flies buzzing around them.

LEBEQUE, a steely-eyed Frenchman, has a dueling scar slashed across his cheek.

HOPKINS, his cockney-speaking sidekick, has a menacing scorpion tattoo on each forearm.

He looks at jungle woman with a leer.

HOPKINS

(to Brad)

Ain't you gonna introduce us to your friend?

Jungle woman draws behind Brad as they approach. The ground fog thickens and begins to envelope the entire floor of the cellar.

(CONTINUED)

LEBEQUE

(to Hopkins)

Knock it off. We're after other treasures.

(to Brad)

Hand over the gold magnet.

B.J. looks nervously at the game board, gradually disappearing under the fog.

BRAD

Mohamba took it.

HOPKINS

Mohamba!

Hopkins and Lebeque exchange a look of concern. Brad eyes the trip wire at the doorway.

LEBEQUE

Search him. I'll scout around.

HOPKINS

You ain't goin' nowhere without me, mate.

LEBEQUE

What's the matter, mon ami. Don't you trust me?

HOPKINS

As much as you trust me.

Brad nudges a nearby ladder, which falls toward the door, snapping the trip wire.

WHUUUUUUUMP! The garden tool mace drops like the pendulum of a grandfather clock, knocking the cellar door open.

Hopkins and Lebeque whirl and fire at the door, blowing it off its hinges.

The fog immediately rises toward the opening, filling the cellar. Within seconds it's so thick no one can see each other.

EXT. BACK YARD

As Mohamba heads for the open cellar door he's swallowed by the dense fog cloud which pours out into the back yard.

It quickly engulfs everything in sight.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CELLAR

B.J. gropes through the blinding fog. It swirls and eddies, allowing momentary pockets of visibility then swallowing them up.

B.J.
Alex... Brad... where are you?

ALEX (O.S.)
Over here.

SHOTS RING OUT.

B.J.
Alex!

We get a glimpse of Hopkins' scorpion tatoo.

HOPKINS (O.S.)
Did you get 'im?

ALEX (O.S.)
(more distant)
B.J. Where are you?

LUKE (O.S.)
(frightened)
Brad, is that you?

BRAD (O.S.)
Hang on. I'm comin'...

More SHOTS! A silhouette appears in the mist but is quickly obliterated.

LEBEQUE (O.S.)
Don't move!

B.J.
Alex! Can you hear me?

Alex SHOUTS out in fright. B.J. panics. She whirls in confusion.

B.J.
Alex! What happened? Where are you?!

BRAD
(distant)
Luke! Talk to me...

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
(shouting)
Brad, help... BRAD!

Rapid GUNFIRE. B.J. breaks into an aimless frightened run, racing pell mell through the blinding fog. GUNFIRE echoes in the distance.

B.J. continues to run until she's out of breath and exhausted. She finally slows to a walk. Tears stream down her cheeks.

The SOUND of JUNGLE BIRDS draw her attention. A bright blue and orange exotic bird darts past and disappears into the fog.

The ROAR of a LION causes her to spin around in fright.

JUNGLE NOISES seem to be all around her, creating a dizzying, disorienting uproar.

B.J.
ALEX! Where are you?

A CAR HORN suddenly BLARES.

Wide-eyed with surprise, B.J. whips around again to see what appears to be car headlights cutting through the fog heading in her direction.

She leaps out of the way as the lights bear down on her. The hazy form of a car whips past, its HORN STILL BLARING.

B.J.
(yelling)
What's happening to me? Where am I?
Somebody please help me?

She bumps into something and SCREAMS. Discovering it's a metal pole, she grabs onto it -- an anchor in the swirl of fog about her.

Frightened and sobbing, she falls to her knees still holding onto the pole.

Gradually the fog dissipates. Images begin to take shape around her. Her eyes follow the pole upwards as the fog lifts.

Atop the pole she sees a corner street sign -- THIRD and JEFFERSON.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly a hand clasps B.J. on the shoulder from behind. B.J. pivots with a SHRIEK to see...

B.J.

Brad!

She embraces Brad with relief, still sobbing. Awkward at first, Brad gradually allows himself to comfort her with a reassuring hug.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCLELLAN PARK

Luke stumbles out of the rising fog. A GUNSHOT rips into a tree by his head. He spins around to see...

Lebeque standing nearby with his rifle still smoldering.

LEBEQUE

Far enough.

Luke's hands shoot up in instant surrender.

Hopkins emerges from the fog, angry and disoriented.

HOPKINS

Damn juju fog. How are we gonna get back now?

LEBEQUE

Fortunately, we have a guide.
(to Luke, cocking gun)
Isn't that right, mon ami?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alex is running hell bent out of the fog across the iron bridge, toward town. Mohamba chases him, YELLING in his NATIVE TONGUE.

In front of Alex is the glow of a faraway fire. SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

A rural fire truck speeds across the bridge behind Alex to join the action.

Firefighters do a double take at Mohamba as they zip past. Up ahead, Alex tries to flag the fire truck down but it blows right by him.

(CONTINUED)

Alex starts to climb the iron scaffolding in panic. Mohamba leaps onto a railing beneath Alex, slips on the wet metal and plunges toward the river.

He grabs the railing with one hand as his leopard cowl falls off and drops into the swirling waters below and spills over the jagged rocky falls.

Alex turns to see Mohamba dangling below like the last leaf in autumn.

Without his mask, Mohamba's face shows a surprising vulnerability. He looks Alex square in the eye...

MOHAMBA

Mambo hunda kwando dada.

Mohamba's grasp slips and weakens. Drawn by the look in his eyes and the tone in his voice, Alex moves back down, leans over, and offers his hand.

When their hands touch, an eerie energy field seems to flow from Mohamba into Alex.

MOHAMBA

Tando quid hoho bunji.

ALEX

I'm trying.

With a mighty heave, he pulls the Mohamba up and the two collapse on the bridge.

MOHAMBA

Bega ruta umbo.

ALEX

Don't mention it.

(then suddenly...)

Wait a second. How come I can understand you all of a sudden?

MOHAMBA

Ambo sotudo gwombono.

ALEX

Spiritual brothers? You mean, because I saved you?

Off of Mohamba's solemn nod.

CUT TO:

DOWNTOWN

Running down an alley, Brad pulls up as he arrives at the main street.

The RURAL FIRE TRUCK speeds past, heading toward a fiery transformer across town.

Brad glances at patrons leaving the nearby Aladdin Movie Theater. They buzz with excitement and point to the plume of smoke on the horizon.

He looks anxiously back down the alley as B.J. catches up, in a state of near exhaustion.

B.J.

I need to rest.

BRAD

You can rest when we get home.

B.J.

I'm telling you, I can't go any farther.

BRAD

And I'm telling you we can't quit.

B.J. spots her friend Alisa in the movie crowd.

B.J.

Maybe we don't have to.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

Alisa's pink motor scooter zips past... with B.J. driving and Brad on back!

As they disappear around a corner Ed Brandenburg's Land Rover comes from another direction.

He inadvertently runs a red light. Off the SOUND of a police siren...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

The Land Rover idles at the curb next to a police motorcycle. Brandenburg simmers behind the wheel as the POLICEMAN writes out a ticket.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDENBURG

The sky is falling and you're giving
traffic tickets?! I'll want your badge
number.

The policeman rips out the ticket and offers it to
Brandenburg. Over the police radio Brandenburg hears...

DISPATCH VOICE (O.S.)

We got a report on that missing limo
from the Franklin Heights area.

Brandenburg snatches the ticket from the policeman and
peels out, knocking over the motorcycle.

EXT. POWER PLANT

The tsetse vines are climbing transformers, shorting out
electrical lines in a shower of sparks. Several of the
larger vines are on fire.

The area is littered with dozing FIREFIGHTERS and
ONLOOKERS.

Alex and Mohamba arrive at the periphery as the ominous
buzz of tsetse flies intensifies.

ALEX

Oh, my God, we better hurry.

Mohamba dips into a gourd slung around his waist and
scoops out a Crisco-like substance and begins smearing
it on his body.

Alex smells it and draws back. Mohamba hands the gourd
to Alex as he speaks in his NATIVE TONGUE.

ALEX

You mean it's like repellant?

(off his nod)

Whatever you say.

Alex begins reluctantly smearing his body with the goop.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCLELLAN PARK

The pink scooter leaps over a grassy hill and speeds
along the rise that borders the park.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(spotting something below)
Stop!

B.J. skids to a stop.

B.J.
What is it?

Brad points. In a playground area recessed in the woods, they see Luke held by the Treasure Hunters.

CUT TO:

WOODS

Closer to the playground, B.J. pushes the motor scooter as she follows Brad through the trees. He suddenly signals for her to stop and parts the branches to see...

Luke staked to the ground beneath a jungle gym.

B.J.
They've got guns. What can we do?

BRAD
(whispering)
Shhhhhh! Stay here. Get down and don't move a muscle.

He fishes into his tiger-skin pouch and moves off toward the bushes at the edge of the playground.

B.J. leans the motor scooter against a tree and hunkers down.

JUNGLE GYM

Hopkins squirts lighter fluid in a large ring around Luke.

LEBEQUE
This is your last chance, mon ami.

LUKE
You don't scare me. I don't care what you do, I'm not talking. I play bridge with the assistant chief of police every Thursday. I'll have him on your ass so fast it'll make your...

Hopkins sets the lighter fluid on fire.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE
(concerned)
What are you doing?

Hopkins pulls a jar containing dozens of scorpions from his khaki ammo bag and unscrews the lid.

HOPKINS
Making sure these little buggers
don't run away.

LUKE
(blurting)
Go north five blocks, take a right,
it's the sixth house on your left.

Hopkins smiles and dumps the scorpions inside the ring of fire.

B.J. GASPS and inadvertantly backs into the motor scooter. It falls to the ground with a LOUD THUD!

Hopkins turns at the sound.

Brad instantly drops to the ground inside the bushes.

HOPKINS
Did you hear that, mate?

LEBEQUE
Hear what?

Hopkins cocks his rifle and heads to toward the bushes, where Brad is hiding.

LEBEQUE
Get back here. You're not going
anywhere without me.

Inside the ring of fire, Luke tugs at his bindings and frantically blows at the approaching scorpions.

LUKE
Let me go!

LEBEQUE
Shut up.

LUKE
I told you what you want.

(CONTINUED)

LEBEQUE

And we're very grateful. Aren't
we, Hopkins?

When Lebeque turns back toward the bushes, Hopkins is gone.

LEBEQUE

Hopkins!

No answer. Lebeque heads for the bushes.

BUSHES

Brad hugs the ground as Hopkins walks past him toward the woods, where B.J. is hiding. He sees Lebeque walking toward him from the playground.

Hidden in trees, B.J. doesn't move a muscle.

Brad glances at Hopkins behind him, then at Lebeque in front of him.

He takes the baseball stone from his pouch and lobs it into the shrubs between them.

Hopkins whirls and fires at the sound. The round bites into a tree near Lebeque.

LEBEQUE

You stinkin' traitor!

Lebeque returns fire, grazing Hopkins' arm, and dives into a ravine for cover.

Stunned, Hopkins looks at his wound and fires several rounds in anger.

HOPKINS

You back-stabbing, good-for-nothin'
frog!

LEBEQUE

(returning fire)

You fat-assed, grimey-faced limey!

As Hopkins and Lebeque exchange GUNFIRE and insults...

Brad crawls unseen in the shadows to the jungle gym and...

B.J. circles around to meet him there.

(CONTINUED)

JUNGLE GYM

A scorpion crawls up Luke's belly, when...

Brad swings into view, hanging upside down from the jungle gym, and pops the scorpion off with a snap of his finger.

Swinging and slicing, he deftly cuts the thongs binding Luke to the ground.

Luke vaults to safety with Brad. Lebeque and Hopkins continue to exchange GUNFIRE.

LUKE
(grabbing Brad)
Are you gonna let them get away
with that?

Brad glares at Luke, then yanks him into the darkness.

EXT. BRANDENBURG MANSION

Mrs. Hargrove waits in the catering truck as her husband jumps behind the wheel and slams the door.

MR. HARGROVE
There's no answer at the house.

MRS. HARGROVE
Step on it!

The catering truck peels out of the driveway, leaving a contrail of cooking utensils spilling out of the flapping back door of the truck.

EXT. GATE

The truck swerves onto the curb to miss a zebra. KAPOW!

INT. TRUCK

Mr. Hargrove struggles at the wheel, finally braking to a stop. He leans out and looks at the flat tire.

MR. HARGROVE
Damn! What else could possibly go wrong?

BZZZZZZZZ! Mr. Hargrove swats the back of his neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HILL - NIGHT

B.J. is slathering goop from a coconut container over her arms and face.

B.J.
My God, what is this stuff?

BRAD
(brusquely)
Yak butter.

B.J.
Yak butter!

BRAD
Keeps the tsetse flies away. Just
put it on and keep your mouth shut.

B.J.
Hey, I didn't mean to knock the
motor scooter over.

BRAD
Amateurs! Why not just shoot me in
the back next time.

B.J.
Maybe I will!

Brad grabs the coconut container from B.J. and hands it to Luke, who's looking at the neighborhood below with a stunned expression.

LUKE'S POV

Shrouded in darkness, the neighborhood is engulfed by the growing tsetse vine. Lights are going out in the distant town.

Below them is a police blockade, littered with SNOOZING COPS. Their squad car lights blink in the eerie silence.

LUKE
I don't believe it.

Brad nudges Luke with the yak butter container.

BRAD
And we're the only ones who can
stop it.

(CONTINUED)

Luke sniffs the yak butter with a shiver.

CUT TO:

BRAD

hacking a tunnel with his machete through a thick forest of vines, creaking and snapping as they continue to grow. We hear the BUZZ of tsetse flies with each blow.

Luke and B.J. follow behind. B.J. sees Phil's jet-black toupee entwined in one of the vines above.

B.J.
I think we're getting close.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCLELLAN PARK

Laying in the ravine, Lebeque ducks at the sound of GUNFIRE from the bushes...then pops up and FIRES a few return rounds.

LEBEQUE
Use your head, Hopkins. They've already
got a head start on us.

MORE GUNFIRE from the bushes.

Lebeque rises up and fires a half-dozen rapid rounds that blow a hole through one of the shrubs.

The bushes are silent. No return fire.

LEBEQUE
Hopkins? Hopkins?

Lebeque cautiously approaches the bushes. He breaks through the brush with his gun ready to find...

A SMALL FIRE littered with spent cartridges. KAPOW! Lebeque reflexively ducks as another cartridge explodes in the fire.

Knowing he's been tricked, Lebeque charges through a path in the woods to the street beyond.

He stops short upon seeing several tsetse vines creeping across the road toward him. As he reaches for his yak butter...

CUT TO:

BRANDENBURG'S LAND ROVER

As it fishtails around a residential corner.

INT. LAND ROVER

Marcy SCREAMS. In front of them is a wall of growing vines. Brandenburg's eyes narrow with determination and he steps on the accelerator.

MARCY

Daddy, stop!

MR. BRADENBURG

Like hell!

EXT. LAND ROVER

It tears into the vines like a snowplow clearing a pathway. As the Land Rover disappears into the undergrowth we hear the ominous BUZZ of thousands of tsetse flies.

CUT TO:

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE

The door opens and B.J., Brad and Luke stagger into the living room.

Alex sticks his head in from the family room.

ALEX

Where have you guys been? We've been waiting for you.

B.J.

We?

Mohamba suddenly appears behind Alex holding his spear at his side and SPEAKS in his native language.

Brad instinctively reaches for his machete.

ALEX

No! He says there is no danger.

BRAD

How do you know what he said?

ALEX

I saved his life. We're spiritual brothers. We understand each other.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

You can't trust him.

Turning the point of the spear on himself, Mohamba steps forward and offers Brad the opportunity to run him through.

Brad looks into his eyes. Mohamba stares back at him in a silent challenge. Finally...

BRAD

(suspiciously)

I'll be watching you.

B.J.

Can we get on with the game?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - GAME BOARD

The tokens are grouped along the winding path of colored squares more than halfway to the Golden City.

Luke is in the lead 20 spaces from the end. Brad is close behind with B.J. and Alex bringing up the rear.

Nobody is in position to finish the game with a single roll of the dice.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. FAMILY ROOM

The players are gathered around the game board. Mohamba sits nearby, a captive of his own honor, his eyes fixed on the tokens with an agonized stare.

Brad watches him closely as Luke rattles the dice in his hand and rolls.

LUKE

Five!

He moves his token to a black space then plucks a voodoo card from the stack and reads it.

Little raindrops splat on the card. A roll of THUNDER shakes the walls.

BRAD

What is it?

LUKE

I'll give you a hint. It rhymes with baboon.

(CONTINUED)



As if in answer rain begins to fall in buckets as Brad takes the dice.

B.J.

Monsoon!

(exiting)

I better get umbrellas. Don't wait for me.

As B.J. exits, Brad rolls and moves his token forward.

The space says: RHINO STAMPEDE -- RUN AHEAD TWO.
GET OUT OF THE WAY -- NO DERRING-DO

As Brad nudges his token two spaces forward to a blank space...

WE HEAR the RUMBLE OF HOOVES from the kitchen. Seconds later, a few monkeys scramble for safety into the family room. Brad signals Luke.

BRAD

Come on. We gotta keep 'em outta here.

Brad puts his shoulder against a large bookcase and tips it on its side across the doorway.

BRAD (Cont.)

Get over here! Give me a hand!

Luke finally joins Brad piling furniture on top of the bookcase as rhinos begin to charge across the kitchen past the partially blocked doorway.

BRAD

(to Alex)

What are you looking at? Keep playing!

Alex takes the dice and rolls -- A NINE!

He moves his token forward, but slows as he approaches the ninth space. Reading it before he arrives...

ALEX

(sotto)

Blackwater fever!

Alex scans the room. B.J. hasn't returned... Mohamba watches Brad and Luke stack furniture at the door...

(CONTINUED)



Instead of putting his token on the deadly ninth space, he moves it one more beyond to a black voodoo card space.

B.J. enters with umbrellas as the Monsoon continues.

B.J.
(to Alex)
What did you get?

ALEX
(innocently)
Voodoo space.

He takes a voodoo card from the stack and turns it over. His eyes widen. It reads: CHEATER!

B.J.
(looking over his shoulder)
What's it say?

Alex hems and haws, then starts to shift uncomfortably, as if he were sitting on a lumpy cushion.

B.J.
What's that?!

B.J. reaches down and grabs a fuzzy hazel tail that is extending out of the back of Alex's pants.

ALEX
Ouch!

B.J.
(gasping)
It's a tail! You're growing a tail!

Alex whirls, trying to grab the tail, which seems to have a mind of its own. He finally gets ahold of it, and gives it a yank.

ALEX
(eyes wide)
My God, it is me!

B.J.
(frightened)
What did that card say?

ALEX
I cheated... I think it's a penalty.

(CONTINUED)

A monkey on the nearby sofa starts to jump up and down, SCREECHING and waving his arms. B.J. looks at the monkey with alarm.

B.J.

Alex, do you think they're all cheaters?

Alex looks at his forearm hair, which is growing thicker and taking on a hazel hue.

He turns to Mohamba, who cowers away from him in fear, speaking in his native tongue as Brad and Luke arrive.

The rain is deafening. Everyone SHOUTS to be heard.

B.J.

What is it?

ALEX

He says that it is Umba Toomba...
The Monkey Curse!

BRAD

Umba Toomba! How?

B.J.

He cheated.

Brad grabs Alex by the shirt in a flash of anger.

BRAD

I warned you not to cheat! See
what you've done?

ALEX

(terrified)
What's gonna happen to me?

BRAD

You're going to turn into a monkey,
that's what. And when you do, we'll
never be able to finish the game!

Shamed, Alex drops his hands to his sides... And notices
that his arms extend all the way to his knees!

LUKE

How long do we have?

Alex sees his reflection in a window and GASPS! His
ears have billowed out, his forehead is protruding and
his cheeks are filling with hazel-colored hair.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

We'll be lucky to get two rolls
out of him.

ALEX

Then quit talking and let's get
on with it!

As THUNDER CRACKS...

CUT TO:

EXT. MASTER SHOT - ENTIRE TOWN

Clears skies and a full moon illuminate the surroundings.

Completely covered with vines, the last of the lights of
McClellan City go out on the outskirts of town.

The only movement is the creeping vines, which have
choked off the last of the transformers and is spreading
outward from the town into the countryside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG MANSION

Encrusted in vines twisted among sleeping guests.
Beyond the gate, the Hargrove catering truck sits
cockeyed on the curb. We hear SNORING from inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG'S LAND ROVER

Brandenburg and Marcy are dozing peacefully as the
Land Rover is slowly carried upward by vines.

CUT TO:

LEBEQUE

Hacking away past a police car. He stops only to snatch
another rifle from the grasp of a sleeping cop.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE

Hopkins is here, his face glistening with yak butter.
With the vines so thick at ground level, he climbs to a
second story window and shatters it with the butt end of
his rifle.

(CONTINUED)

INT. ALEX'S ROOM

Hopkins climbs in and heads for the door. Suddenly the trunks of several giant rubber trees explode through the floor from below and begin branching out at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM

It looks more like a rain forest than a family room. Colorful birds sit in the tree branches and lighting fixtures.

Lizards scurry on the stone fireplace. Monkeys frolic in a puddle near the rug. The rain has stopped and turned into a fine mist. The house continues to transform into a jungle.

By now Alex is nearly half monkey. His clothes fit awkwardly on his simian frame. He can't sit still, darting around, doing back flips, making faces.

B.J.

Alex, get it together! You can finish this game with a six!

LUKE

You mean he needs the exact number?

B.J.

If it's higher he stays where he is. Didn't you read the rules?

LUKE

Twenty years ago!

On the game board we see that Alex's token is in the lead, only six spaces from the Golden City.

Everyone except B.J. is also within striking distance. Brad is eight spaces away; Luke ten; B.J. sixteen.

Alex is now swinging from a tree limb above.

B.J.

Alex! What are doing? Get down here.

ALEX

I can't help myself.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
I hate monkeys. You can't reason
with monkeys.

LUKE
I'll handle this.
(offering a banana)
Alex... here fella...

Alex drops to the floor and cautiously approaches. When
he gets close enough Luke slaps the dice in his hand.

LUKE
Concentrate! Roll the dice and
move your token. You can do it!

Alex looks at the dice in his hand, then at the board.

LUKE
(coaxing)
That's it... that's the boy.

Suddenly, in spite of himself, Alex SCREECHES and darts
toward the door with the dice.

LUKE
Come back here you fuzz covered
brat and roll the damn dice!

WHUMP! Alex crashes into Hopkins, who steps into the
doorway with his rifle.

HOPKINS
Hey, monkey boy! Catch a touch of
Umba toomba?

He laughs, then his stare turns icy.

HOPKINS
Okay, where's the gold magnet?

CUT TO:

INT. B.J.'S ROOM

Lebeque shatters B.J.'s second story window and climbs
into the room. He hears a low GROWL, stops, and scans
the surroundings.

Silence... Then with a loud ROAR the golden clawed lion
leaps out of the darkness!

(CONTINUED)

Lebeque grabs desperately for his knife. Off his SCREAM...

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Hopkins looks at the game board, his eyes wide with delight. The four tokens sparkle like jewels in a forbidden crown.

He lunges for the game board and grabs one of the tokens, but... He can't get it off! It's stuck.

Brad reaches for a broken branch. Hopkins FIRES a warning shot that knocks the branch away from his hand.

HOPKINS

Watch your manners, Banana boy.

Everyone backs away as Hopkins clamps his foot on the game board and pulls at the next token until his face turns beet red.

HOPKINS

The hell with this!

With his free hand he grabs a machete and starts hacking away. As the gameboard begins to splinter...

LUKE

Don't destroy the game!

Luke reflexively leaps on top of Hoskins and hangs on with a gangly uncertainty of a limp scarecrow strapped to a loose canon.

Hopkins FIRES his gun wildly as Luke rides his back.

Everyone scatters for cover as bullets RICHOCHET throughout the room.

Hopkins stumbles forward, tripping on something.

ANGLE ON

The chameleon snake, matching the color of the rug. It wraps itself around Hopkin's leg.

Hugging the floor nearby, Alex looks up and sees the game board in front of his face.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
 Come on, Alex! You can do it.
 Roll the dice. Move your token.

Alex's eyes narrow in concentration. He struggles to control his monkeyshines. Finally...

He rolls the dice -- FIVE. His fur-covered hand reaches out and grasps the token.

Amid continuing GUNFIRE, B.J. crawls to his side, grabs Alex's hand and helps him move the token forward five spaces.

The rhyme on the space is partially obscured by machete divots: FLASH -----, AND WASHES YOU BACK TO THE START!

B.J.
 Oh, no!

BRAD
 (from behind the sofa)
 What is it?

B.J.
 Flash something or other.

The floor begins the shake and we hear a RUMBLE at the far end of the house. B.J. scoops up the dice.

INT. HALLWAY

A wall of water rushes toward us with frightening speed!

INT. FAMILY ROOM

The water blasts into the room through the doorway, and takes out the entire wall like a tidal wave.

Alex scrambles up the rubber tree as the initial wave washes across the room.

Brad is swept into the kitchen along with B.J.

Mohamba grabs a tree trunk and braces himself against the onrushing flood.

Luke turns loose of Hopkins and is also carried by a wave into kitchen. As the water starts to rise...

(CONTINUED)

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Hopkins battles the chameleon snake among the lamps, rubber plants and shattered pieces of furniture.

He works his way to the surface, gasps, but is pulled down by the snake.

STAIRWAY

Drenched and sputtering, Mohamba pulls himself up the steps to the second floor, which is still transforming, but is more house than jungle.

ALEX

now almost completely a monkey, swings from a rubber tree branch to a chandelier. It pulls away from the ceiling, dumping Alex into the swirling, rising tide.

ALEX

(paddling wildly)

Mohamba! Help! Monkeys can't swim.

Mohamba grabs the bannister, leans precariously out over the railing. Alex disappears under the water. Mohamba reaches in after him...

INT. KITCHEN

The water, rushing powerfully through the door like a spillway, has filled three quarters of the room.

Luke is hanging on a cupboard door.

B.J., swimming against the current towards the family room, is knocked back by a floating coffee table.

She grabs on to the refrigerator.

B.J.

Brad! I can't make it! The current's too strong.

Hanging onto the door jam, Brad looks back. He takes a deep breath and dives underwater.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Brad swims to the kitchen sink where he finds a meat tenderizer among the dirty dishes and utensils. With a sharp blow he shatters the window above the sink.

(CONTINUED)

He is immediately sucked outside in a rush of water.

ON THE SURFACE

As the water level drops, a whirlpool begins to form. B.J. and Luke try to hang on against the force of the current.

CUT TO:

SECOND FLOOR

Mohamba carries a drenched, unconscious Alex away from the receding flood. He lays him down, then disappears down the hall, which is now encased in jungle foliage.

Alex comes to and looks around.

ALEX
Mohamba?... Mohamba?

He hears the ROAR of a lion. With a SCREECH Alex bolts into the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

Caught in the torrent of water, B.J. and Luke burst through the kitchen window.

They're carried along on a water slide of soaked tsetse vines through twists and turns until they are dumped on the street at Brad's feet.

BRAD
(helping them up)
Everyone okay?

B.J.
(sputtering)
Where's Alex?

LUKE
There!

CHATTERING from above, Alex bursts through a second story window onto the porch roof. He swings down the vines and scampers toward them.

B.J.
I've got the dice, but where's the game?

(CONTINUED)

They all look ominously at the house.

ALEX
(between squeals
and chatters)
We better get to it before Mohamba
does.

LUKE
Why? I thought he was your spiritual
brother.

ALEX
I don't think he is anymore. He saved
my life.

LUKE
So?

BRAD
He paid his debt. Enemies again.

ALEX
One more thing. The lion's loose.

LUKE
Lion! That does it! I'm outta here.

B.J.
Outta here! We gotta find the game.

LUKE
Are you nuts?! We've got a crazy
witchdoctor in there, a lion on the
loose and who knows what else. That
house is the death trap. You wanna
go in a try and find the game -- fine!
But me, I'm going to find Marcy and
get as far away from this town as I can.

He starts to walk off.

B.J.
You can't quit now!

LUKE
I told you I'd give you an hour.
I almost doubled that.

BRAD
Let him. We don't need him.
He's a gutless wonder.

(CONTINUED)

Luke stops in his tracks. He hesitates, as though he were about to respond... then continues on his way without looking back.

BRAD (Cont.)

(to B.J.)

It's your turn anyway.

B.J.

Yeah, but to finish the game means I'd have to roll a twelve.

BRAD

(straight in the eye)

Then roll a twelve.

He heads for the house, then hesitates when he realizes B.J. and Alex aren't coming.

BRAD

(to B.J.)

Well, come on.

B.J.

We thought maybe you could bring the game out to us.

BRAD

I want you there the second I find the board. There's no time to lose. Just stay behind me and don't screw up!

Alex SCREECHES and does a back flip. Brad rolls his eyes. Again, to B.J....

BRAD

Let's go!

She swallows hard and reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

The house is now a surreal blend of jungle and house. Although we see familiar landmarks -- furniture, the fireplace, stairs and bannister to the second floor -- the walls seem distorted and more distant.

The ceiling has been woven into the jungle canopy, and much of the floor is mud with puddles of water.

(CONTINUED)

Brad slogs into the living room from the kitchen, machete in one hand, sling in the other. B.J. follows, with Alex on her back.

As they scan the room...

BRAD

Wait!

B.J. looks in time to see a crocodile tail slither from the hall into the bathroom.

B.J.

I hope the game's not in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Luke pushes aside tsetse vines and is shocked to see Brandenburg's Land Rover suspended vertically among the vines.

He gasps upon seeing Marcy, limp in the passenger seat.

INT. LAND ROVER

Luke takes Marcy into his arms, teary eyed.

LUKE

Marcy, Marcy... I'm so sorry.
I'll make it up to you... Wake
up my princess.

Luke plants a four star kiss on her lips. He waits expectantly...

Marcy's head finally falls back with an unprincesslike SNORE.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Brad and B.J. warily search the rubble. B.J. pulls back the sofa and suddenly GASPS.

The chameleon snake is stretched out behind the sofa with a Hopkins' sized lump in the middle of its body.

BRAD

Don't worry. They're harmless after
they've eaten.

(CONTINUED)

B.J. pushes the sofa back over the snake with a shudder. Their attention is drawn by Alex, who is across the room SCREECHING and pointing at the ground.

Brad goes over and spots a footprint in the mud.

BRAD

Mohamba's been here.

B.J.

What if he found the game?

BRAD

If he did, he's heading for high ground.

B.J.

Why?

BRAD

To call for the volcano gods to destroy the game and reclaim the tokens.

B.J.

Reclaim the tokens?

BRAD

I told you before, what happens to them, happens to us. The magic's in the tokens. And if they go back to Jumanji... so do we.

B.J.

(shocked)

You never told me that before.

BRAD

I didn't think you could handle it.

B.J.'s face flushes with rage. She grabs a table lamp. Brad ducks. It shatters on the fireplace!

BRAD

What are you doing?

B.J.

(screaming)

You're right, I can't handle it!

Grabbing at other household items, she throws them at Brad.

(CONTINUED)

B.J.
Look at this place! Look at my
brother!

Alex does a flip. CRASH! THUMP! BANG! More items
careen off the fireplace.

BRAD
(dodging her missiles)
It's not my fault.

B.J.
Yes it is. You and your stupid
brother started this game and
never finished it! We'll never get
out of this alive. We don't have a
chance!

Brad dodges a floor lamp, which sails into the
fireplace like a javelin, hitting the damper latch.

KATHUMP! The game board spills out of the flue onto the
inner hearth.

Everybody freezes momentarily.

BRAD
It must have floated up and got
jammed in the flue.
(smiling at B.J.)
Good work!

Relief washes over B.J. as they retrieve the game. From
above we see a the end of a blowgun emerge from the
branches.

BRAD
Now get that twelve.

B.J. pulls the dice from her pocket and rolls. It's a
five!

Everyone slumps in disappointment. B.J. moves her token
ahead five spaces:

Volcano Country beckons thee;
Roll again, But avoid a three.

Three spaces away is a mud slide that takes all the
players back to camp in the middle of the board.

As an errant blowdart thunks into the space!...

(CONTINUED)

The floor groans and buckles. A steam jet erupts across the room.

Another steam jet rips open near Brad. He reels back, covering his eyes.

PSSSSSSSSSSSH!! The floor splinters underneath the game and the steam jet lifts the board upward.

A black hand snatches it as it flies through the branches. Mohamba reveals himself when he climbs through an opening in the ceiling/canopy.

B.J.

Mohamba!

Mohamba glances back. His face is now painted white, resembling the skull design on the back of the voodoo cards. As he disappears...

BRAD

Upstairs! This way!

Brad charges headlong from the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Within two steps Brad finds himself up to his knees in muck. He tries to slog back, but is trapped in the bog and starting to sink.

As B.J. reaches the door...

BRAD

Quicksand!

He scans the adjoining living room, searching...

BRAD

There!

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM DRAPES

As B.J. tosses one end to Brad, who is already up to his waist in quicksand.

She wraps one end around her forearm and tries to pull mightily. Brad continues to sink.

BRAD

Pull harder!

(CONTINUED)

B.J.

I'm trying!

She begins to make a little progress, when...

ROAR!!!! B.J.'s face goes white. The lion with the golden claws is at the end of the hall.

Brad, mired in quicksand, is defenseless. The lion roars again and breaks into a run directly at Brad.

BRAD

Save yourself!

He manages to free his machete from the muck and steels himself for the attack.

The lion picks up speed. B.J. screams. The lion leaps...

KAPOW! The lion drops like a sandbag. B.J. and Brad turn to see...

Luke sprawled on the kitchen floor, with Ed Brandenburg's smoldering elephant rifle on his chest.

He sits up slowly.

LUKE

These things have a hell of a kick.

CUT TO:

QUICKSAND

With Luke and B.J. tugging the drapes, Brad is dragged from the muck.

Luke offers his hand to help pull Brad to his feet. Brad hesitates... then reaches up and grabs Luke's hand.

As Brad comes to his feet, he locks eyes with Luke and claps him on the shoulder.

BRAD

Look out, Mohamba. Here come the York brothers.

Luke winks at Brad and jerks the bolt on his elephant rifle and snaps it back into place.

B.J.

What about me?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(meets her gaze)
All for one and one for all.

He sticks out his hand, Luke adds his on top, then B.J.
JUNGLE DRUMS begin to echo above them.

BRAD
Uh-oh.

MONKEY SCREECHES draw their attention up. Alex CHATTERS
on the bannister of the second floor, pointing down the
hall.

CUT TO:

THE SECOND FLOOR HALL

Brad, B.J. and Luke scramble to the top of the stairs
and stop with a look of alarm.

THEIR POV

The second floor is disintegrating at a fast rate as the
jungle continues to grow and take over.

Walls have partially collapsed. Floors are rotting.
They can see throughout the second floor.

And down at the end of the hall are A DOZEN ZULU
WARRIORS, guarding what's left of the ladder to the
attic.

All wear voodoo masks and ceremonial garb. The jungle
drums stop.

On the leader's command the Zulus attack! The gang
scrambles for cover.

KAPOW! KAPOW! KAPOW! Luke fires and the Zulus scatter
behind pieces of walls and trees.

Spears and darts quickly fill the air.

Brad nails a Zulu with his sling. Luke fires until he
empties his gun.

B.J. huddles behind a desk, firing school books like
frisbees.

She comes across the Seventeen magazine with the self
confidence article, tosses that one out the window.

(CONTINUED)

A Zulu leaps onto the desk. His added weight sends him and the desk crashing through the rotting floor.

As B.J. runs for new cover her foot goes through another floorboard, revealing a snapping crocodile in the bathtub below!

Brad grabs her by her shirt collar and pulls her to safety.

BRAD

Be careful Luke! The floor's got
jungle rot.

Luke is hunkered behind a chest of drawers, reloading his rifle. A Zulu suddenly towers over him.

CLUNK! A coconut careens off the Zulu's skull, knocking him out.

Alex SCREECHES and CHATTERS in triumph from a tree branch. He scoops up his boom box and turns on his Wagner tape. As the MUSIC SWELLS...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Atop the mansardic tower, Mohamba lets out his HIGH-PITCHED, EAR-PIERCING WAIL as he pounds out a jungle rhythm with the butt of his spear.

Nearby the game sits within a circular design rendered with Mohamba's face paints.

Smoke begins to rise out of the chimney, and storm clouds gather overhead in response to Mohamba's CHANTING.

CUT TO:

SECOND FLOOR

The battle with the Zulus continues to rage.

Alex takes a blowdart in the leg and drops from a tree. Luke scrambles from his cover to Alex's side.

Suddenly the house begins to SHUDDER and QUAKE.

A wall collapses exposing the brick of the fireplace chimney, which is beginning to bulge.

(CONTINUED)

A large fissure splits the floor, scattering the warriors in fright. Almost simultaneously...

The floor beneath Luke and Alex gives way, dumping them to the first floor...

Brad leaps and grabs an exposed rafter as the ceiling cracks and buckles....

B.J. is thrown backward, crashing through the window...

EXT. HOUSE

B.J. grabs a vine as she falls from the shattered second-story window.

Dangling precariously, she glances down, then looks up to the roof where she sees Mohamba and the gameboard.

THUNDER RUMBLES and clouds swirl overhead as Mohamba chants.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

With Alex unconscious in his arms, Luke hobbles toward the kitchen, when a GURGLING SOUND draws his attention.

He glances back to see GOLDEN LAVA bubbling up from the fireplace as the house continues to RUMBLE and SHUDDER.

LUKE

Oh my God, this place is gonna blow!

INT. ATTIC

Brad is thrown back against the glowing-red hot chimney, searing his back. Wood beams ignite from the heat.

Debris falls creating a hole in the ceiling as the house SHUDDERS again.

As Brad painfully works his way up the rafters toward the hole in the roof...

EXT. HOUSE

B.J., struggles up the vine, still well below the roofline.

(CONTINUED)

The house trembles and she slips down the vine a foot with a SCREAM.

ON THE ROOF

Drawn by the SCREAM, Mohamba looks down to see B.J. hanging below.

As lighting FLASHES behind him, he stakes his spear in the roof and pulls out his machete. He moves toward the vine that holds B.J.

He raises his machete to cut the vine when...

Brad's hand reaches through one of the holes in the roof and grabs Mohamba's ankle!

He flips Mohamba, who tumbles toward the ledge.

As Mohamba regains his footing, Brad pulls himself through the roof for the final showdown.

FROM BELOW

B.J. sees Brad yank out his machete and square off with Mohamba. She pulls herself upward with new resolve.

B.J.

Confidence, B.J.

ON THE ROOF

Brad and Mohamba are engaged in the machete version of a sword fight.

Thrusts, blocks and parries of two old warriors, evenly matched and familiar with one another's styles.

A VOLCANIC RUMBLE increases from below. Smoke pours out of the chimney. As lightning flashes all around...

GROUND LEVEL

Luke emerges from the house with Alex in his arms. He spots B.J. nearly at the top of the mansard tower.

LUKE

Go B.J... Get to the game!

(CONTINUED)

ON THE ROOF

A machete skitters down the shingles toward the gutter. We TILT UP to see Brad, defenseless, with a gash in his arm.

Mohamba lunges and Brad sidesteps the thrust.

Brad grabs Mohamba with his good arm and they tumble out of sight beyond the pitch of the roof.

B.J.

pulls herself onto the roof with an expression of triumph.

She takes the dice from her pocket and scrambles toward the game.

She is inches away when Mohamba leaps to the peak of the roof!

He grabs his spear as the house SHUDDERS and a huge plume of smoke pours from the chimney.

Mohamba stumbles back as Brad leaps between Mohamba and B.J.

Lightning cracks into the T.V. antennae nearby. Brad and Mohamba wrestle for control of the spear.

BRAD

(to Mohamba)

If I have to go out with you, I will.

Brad forces the point of the spear skyward like a lightning rod.

B.J.

Brad, no!

BRAD

Roll, B.J. Get your seven!

Desperate, B.J. rolls the dice as the RUMBLE below grows deafening.

The dice roll across the board, and the house shudders...

The dice tumble toward a certain six (BACK TO START), when a jolt pops them upward. They fall back to the board as a seven!

(CONTINUED)

The house shakes violently and the RUMBLE crescendos.

B.J. quickly moves her token the final seven spaces to THE GOLDEN CITY, and shouts at the top of her lungs...

B.J.

Jumanji!

At that instant, lightning strikes the spear and the chimney erupts!

FROM A DISTANCE

The house and overgrown neighborhood are gilded in a shower of gold, creating a Midas-like world, until gold entirely fills the frame. After a long moment...

ALEX (O.S.)

B.J.!... B.J.!...

WE PULL BACK from the solid gold filling the frame to reveal...

The golden handle of Mr. Hargrove's tureen. As we CONTINUE BACK we see it's resting on the mantle over the fireplace in the Hargrove family room.

Now we see Alex, no longer a monkey, staring at his reflection in the tureen. He laughs out loud.

ALEX

I'm back! B.J... I'm back!

He whirls around. Everything in the room has been restored to its former condition.

ALEX

Everything's back!

He charges out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

B.J. rises groggily to her feet and scans the immediate area. No sign of Brad.

B.J.

Brad?... Brad?

(CONTINUED)

She sees Brad's pouch nearby. She goes to it and picks it up. Softly...

B.J.

Brad.

BRAD (O.S.)

Nice roll.

B.J. turns. Brad sits up from behind one of the gables. He smiles at B.J.

B.J. runs to him and they embrace. She sees the nearby game board. The dice still show the final seven.

ALEX

(from below)

Hey, guys! It's me, monkey boy!

Alex tries a back flip and tumbles awkwardly to the ground in a sprawling heap.

ALEX

(giddy with his failure)

Uncoordinated as ever.

BRAD

Where's Luke?

Alex points down the street. They see Luke running toward the Brandenburg Land Rover.

Looking beyond, they see the lights of town. As if we were riding their gaze into the distance...

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT OF TOWN

Everything seems back to normal.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG MANSION - NIGHT

People sprawled on the lawn gradually awaken. They appear groggy and disoriented.

CUT TO:

INT. HARGROVE CATERING TRUCK

Mrs. Hargrove shakes Mr. Hargrove awake at the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HARGROVE
What hit me? Was this a dream?

MRS. HARGROVE
The kids. We've got to get home!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG'S LAND ROVER

Luke carries Marcy in his arms back toward the house as she groggily awakens.

MARCY
Luke?

LUKE
Everything's okay.

BRANDENBURG (O.S.)
Where the hell do you think you're going?

Luke whirls to see Brandenburg marching angrily toward him.

BRANDENBURG (Cont.)
You've got some explaining to do.

Luke pauses. He looks at Marcy, then at Brandenburg, then continues on.

BRANDENBURG
Bring back my daughter!

He chases after Luke and grabs his shoulder, spinning him around.

MARCY
Daddy!

LUKE
Let me take care of this.

He lowers Marcy to her feet. She's not sure what he's going to do. He steps nose to nose with Brandenburg.

LUKE
Marcy and I are going to California.

BRANDENBURG
Over my dead body.

(CONTINUED)

Brandenburg throws a roundhouse punch...

Luke blocks the blow with his left, and follows with a booming right across Brandenburg's jaw, knocking him to the pavement.

Brandenburg looks up at Luke, stunned. He wipes blood from his lip.

LUKE

No hard feelings...Dad.

He sweeps Marcy off her feet again and heads toward the house.

LUKE

There's somebody I want you to meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Brad and B.J. sit on the edge of the roof underneath the starry sky with their legs casually dangling over gutter.

B.J.

It's like it never happened.

BRAD

It did happen. I'm home again.

B.J.

No longer alone. Think you can stand it?

BRAD

I'll manage... With friends like you. You're full of surprises, B.J.

B.J.

(with a smile)

I am, aren't I.

ALEX (O.S.)

You guys coming down or what?

B.J. turns to see Alex atop a ladder leaning against the roof.

ALEX

(with devilish grin)

Am I interrupting something?

(CONTINUED)

B.J.

Brothers!

LUKE (O.S.)

Hey Brad!

Brad looks to see Luke standing on the lawn below with his arm around Marcy.

LUKE

You remember Marcy, don't you? Say hello to Mrs. York!

INT. FAMILY ROOM

CLOSEUP OF GAME BOARD

One by one the players return their tokens to the velvet box in ceremonial fashion.

B.J. snaps the clasp of the Jumanji box closed and hands it to Brad.

B.J.

It seems so harmless.

LUKE

I think you should burn the damn thing.

MARCY

(bewildered)

Would somebody explain what's going on here?

B.J., Alex, Brad and Luke all share a look.

LUKE

We'll talk about it on the honeymoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

The limo idles in the driveway. Luke, with his arm around Marcy, HONKS the horn.

At the door with the game, Brad turns to B.J. She smiles.

B.J.

This should be some family reunion.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

It's nice of them to take a detour
through Boston.

B.J.

Take care of yourself.

BRAD

You, too. Tell me one thing before
I go.

(off her look)

What's the B.J. stand for?

B.J.

Barbara Jean.

BRAD

That's pretty.

B.J. blushes. Brad reaches into his pouch...

BRAD

I want you to have something.

He pulls out the Indian head penny. It's now turned to
gold!

Their eyes sparkle with wonder at the sight of it.

B.J.

How could it?...

BRAD

Must be luckier than I thought.

(offering it)

It's yours.

B.J.

I can't take this.

The limo horn HONKS again. He puts it in her hand and
closes her fist around it.

BRAD

From the York brothers. You
deserve it. We'd've never finished
the game without you.

She stands on tiptoe and kisses him on the cheek.

B.J.

Thanks, Brad.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
See you, Barbara Jean.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The limo pulls out. B.J. and Alex wave from the lawn.

As it heads down the street it passes the Hargrove truck, speeding from the other direction.

The truck bounces into the driveway and SCREECHES to a halt.

B.J.
(calmly)
Hi Mom. Hi Dad.

Mr. and Mrs. Hargrove exchange a bewildered look as they get out of the truck.

MRS. HARGROVE
Wasn't that the Brandenburg limo?

MR. HARGROVE
What are you two doing outside?
Is everything OK here?

ALEX
Sure, everything's great. Why?

MR. HARGROVE
Been a lot of strange things going on tonight.

ALEX
Don't look at me. We've just been playing games.

MR. HARGROVE
(to B.J.)
Is that right?

B.J.
Alex wouldn't lie.

Alex grins and heads for the house.

ALEX
You coming, B.J.?

B.J. looks at the gold coin her palm, then puts it in her pocket. As she heads for the door...

(CONTINUED)



B.J.
Call me Barbara Jean.

Off Mr. and Mrs. Hargrove's look...

CUT TO:

OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

The limo speeds over the iron bridge. Brad flings the Jumanji game out the window and into the river.

He leans out the window and watches the game spill over the rocky falls and disappear into the raging white water below.

As the limo leaves the bridge in the b.g., we HOLD on the river for a long time.

Suddenly the game pops to the surface.

We follow it as it begins to float downstream...

under bridges...

over spillways...

past barges...

thru a shipping port...

and out to sea!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDSWEPT BEACH - DAY

A kid with a beach ball kneels at a dune, brushing sand from a familiar tin box he's discovered.

He opens it and draws back at the stench as his sister arrives...

SISTER
What's that, Peter?

PETER
It's a game.

He points to a note taped to the bottom of the box. The girl reads the childlike handwriting.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER

Free game. Fun for some, but not for all. P.S. Read instructions carefully.

PETER

Want to take it home Judy?

JUDY

Not really. I'm sure somebody left it here because it's so boring.

PETER

Aw, c'mon. Let's give it a try...
Race you home.

As Peter runs off with Judy through the dunes...

FADE OUT:

THE END